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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. IV.—*Mr. Cobbett.*

THERE never has been an European nation in which this writer could have arisen, and have been what he is, for so long a time, except only the dominions of George IV. He has existed by nothing but the freedom of the press; and therefore England alone, or revolutionary France, could have furnished him with the necessary field. In France his talents would have placed him at the head of a party, and he would have found the shoulders of his supporters but steps to the guillotine. But it is in England, and here only, that he could have been produced,—here only, that he could become what he is, the ablest of mob writers, the least successful of public men; the opponent whose abuse is the most virulent, and at the same time the least regarded; the most vigorous adversary of the aristocracy, yet the most despised laughing-stock of the people; the most uniformly obnoxious to the general mind, yet the most strenuous friend to every time-honoured prejudice; the politician, who with the largest fertility of talent and the most unwearied industry has failed in every thing he has undertaken; and yet with a kind of blundering omnipotence, still continues to amuse, to excite, and sometimes even to terrify society. Without a great mass of democratic opinion he would have had nothing on which to act, or whereby to sustain himself; without considerable freedom of discussion, he never could have wielded his weapons; but for the general consciousness of great evils in our social system, he would have wanted objects which men would endure to hear denounced; and if we were not governed by the deeply founded predominance of an aristocracy, his abilities must at some time or other have enabled him to profit by occasion, and perhaps to raise a permanent power on a popularity, which has now long departed, and for ever.

Mr. Cobbett is the natural out-growth of our soil; and as he could not have existed in any other country, so he can scarcely be understood by any but Englishmen. In France, Italy, and Spain, the body who misgovern the nation have little power of perverting the opinions of the instructed classes, and therefore politics in these countries have been commonly studied as a science, and reduced to general principles. These are taken for granted by the persons who would now discuss such subjects, and the attempt to argue on any other grounds would only produce contempt and ridicule. But as the class by whom political power is held in this country are an aristocracy, supported partly by privileges and partly by wealth, the combined influence of these enables them to guide in a great degree the direction of public opinion, and prevent the universal reception of any determinate political maxims to which every one might at once appeal in any question of the abuse of authority. This accounts, in a great degree, for the extreme ignorance and vacillation of Mr. Cobbett's reasonings, and also for the favourable reception which some of them have met with. But the indifference to wide and abstract truth, with regard to men's social interests, is by no means the only cause for the occasional popularity and constant notoriety of this singular author. He is really a man of very rare and particularly

applicable abilities. He knows nothing, to be sure, of metaphysics, and is not very deeply versed in the higher mathematics. We doubt whether he could write a Greek ode, or price a Raphael, or comprehend Faust. But, on ordinary political subjects, his argument is wonderfully lucid and powerful. He deduces his conclusions so shortly, that we never lose sight of their connection with the premises. He states his reasoning in such homely and energetic language, and so impregnates it with all the force of the feeling which he wishes to excite, sets it in such a variety of lights, strengthens it with so much of fresh familiar illustration, and sharpens it with such cutting sarcasm, that there probably never was a writer whose paragraphs, taken singly, are so well calculated to carry along the minds of the less instructed classes: and, besides the qualities we have mentioned, there is, through all his works, an easy and negligent superiority, which gives an imposing look of conscious power. The most characteristic of his distinctions undoubtedly is, that he never wrote a sentence which is not intelligible at the first glance. The next point which marks him out from all the other authors of the time is, the imitable energy of his scurrility: a merit the display of which is certainly not restrained by any very scrupulous delicacy, but shows itself in so bold-faced an exuberance, that, if one were inclined to make a Dictionary of our language, divided into different classes of words, the commercial, the metaphysical, the laudatory, and so forth, a complete catalogue of the vituperative might certainly be collected from the writings of Mr. Cobbett. His third great glory is, an unparalleled impudence, an effrontery so excessive, as absolutely to have in it something of the awful. It is not the peasant trampling upon princes, nor the corporal treating the Duke of Wellington with an easy superiority; but the man of a thousand inconsistencies, and an almost universal ignorance, quietly taking for granted, as a matter settled years ago, that he himself, and he alone, is the fountain of all wisdom, that he holds in his hands the fate of England, and that he has prophesied, to the letter, every thing which was, and is still to happen, upon earth. This it is which sets our author at such an immeasurable distance above every one else, that he is undoubtedly the most amusing of mountebanks—the most sublime of quacks.

The great defect of his mind (barring common honesty) is his utter incapacity to generalize. He has a peculiar hatred to broad principles,—partly because they require the exertion of larger intellect than his,—partly because if he ever recognized one such rule, he might find it an inconvenient restraint on his future laxity of lubrication; but chiefly, we believe, because he came upon the political stage with the formed habits of early life, which taught him to apply to every particular case, for itself, a sort of overbearing clownish shrewdness, such as is nourished among fields and farm-yards, speaks the language of the country market, and savours of crops and cattle. He never, therefore, attempts to compress into his robust and homespun sentences any guiding or standard propositions; but with the most ostentatiously simple subtlety, narrows to the uttermost the premises, or widens the conclusion, and by some bold knock-down reference to partial experience, connects the one or the other with the cause or the consequence he aims at. It is thus

that the whole existing universe, God and Mammon, ploughmen and placemongers, the debts and the bishops, figure alternately in every page as the origin and result of themselves and one another: while William Cobbett, of Long Island, Botley, or Kensington, stands superior (like an oracular oak) amid this rigmarole pageantry of all created things, and announces that, if the people will but buy his pamphlets, and the King make him Prime Minister, he will finally overmaster the principle of evil, drive paper-money from the world, and re-establish the age of gold. Therefore, when any thing he wishes to prove is contrary to a commonly received political law, instead of attempting to show how and why this is erroneous, he thinks it sufficient to say, that it is put forth by 'Scotch *feelosophers*', or that it is 'the spawn of the beastly borough-mongering faction,' and, therefore, utterly unworthy of his consideration. It is chiefly to this want that we must attribute the ephemeral nature of his influence, and the neglect which consigns Mr. Cobbett's speculations about passing events to the oblivion of the last week's play-bill and the last year's almanac.

He is also entirely deficient in imagination. It is a faculty that can only exist as the organ and interpreter of deep feelings and much-embracing thoughts: it is denied to ribald levity and systematic dogmatism: it is like the allegories of ancient mythology, or the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem, a rich treasure-house of symbols for things infinite and invisible: it is, as was sinless Paradise, a garden built of the bright relics of former beauty, and fruitful of the types of yet unexistent perfection. It is like the Titan of old story, who framed the goodly and unblemished body that was destined to be filled with the informing breath of the Divine Being: for glorious as are its creations, they are motionless and lifeless, except when animated by the inspiration of truth. But in the author whom we are now considering, as there are none of these expansive and pregnant convictions, none of these consciousnesses of the master laws of the universe; so is there none of that power whereby they might be embodied and made palpable, and which fixes its images among mankind to be not only as spots in the desert of the brightest green and most grateful shadow, but as gushing forth the waters whereat the weary and desolate may drink in health, and strength, and comfort. He scarcely ever takes us away from those wretched and trivial tumults of the hour, in which our feelings come in contact with nothing but the follies and selfishness, the outward accidents and unhappy frivolities of our kind. He is of the earth, earthly, and would chain his readers to the clod of which his own soul is a portion. He never flings into the air those spells which would display to us the multitudinous shadows that people the waste infinite, genii and ministers to the laws of external and moral nature. Almost all his writings have, therefore, a tendency to narrow and embitter our minds; and to make the weary and bleeding world tread on and on to all eternity the same thorny round of fact.

His treatment of the 'History of the Protestant Reformation' is a lamentable instance of those evil propensities to which we have alluded. The men who maintain that all was wrong before the Reformation, and that in Protestant countries all has been right since,—who assert, or go near to

assert, that the great object was then accomplished and secured; that the mystical *projection* then took place; and that the world at that time received the stamp of those lineaments, which it must always wear, until they are destroyed by the final conflagration,—make as mere an idol of the handiwork of Huss, Wickliffe, and Luther, as they charge upon the Roman Catholic, that he finds in the Popedom; or, as the Mohammedan erects for himself, in his idea of the Prophet's mission. They would prevent us from struggling on to further improvement; and because we have set out upon the journey, would keep us tied to the first mile-stone. The world needs much more of reformation than it has as yet received, and will ever stand in want of reformers, while it contains a vestige of ignorance and sin. But the writer who denies the value of that great impulse; who says that we ought not to keep up the progress which it aided, but to go back to the point at which it found us; who maintains that mankind are in a less hopeful condition now,—when thousands of eager and searching minds are feeling round them on every side, to seize the hem of the garment of Truth, than when no man was permitted to do any thing but kiss the robes of the priesthood; when the world is evidently wrestling with the throes of a mighty pregnancy;—than when, in tumult and passion, it conceived, three centuries ago, the long-borne burthen of promise;—the man who, without being misled by sectarian prepossession and with an obvious party-purpose, can, at this day, profess this doctrine, is to be classed, not with the lovers of wisdom or with the reformers of their kind, but with the noisy hounds of faction. It is not in this way that the cause of Roman Catholic equalization ought to be conducted. It is not by turning back our eyes to the bigotries of the past that we are to learn charity for the future; it is not by imitating the barbarian tribes, which deified their ancestors, that we are to nourish into the image of God the generations of our descendants; it is not, in short, by vindicating the sectarianism of a sect, be it Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Hindoo, that we must teach ourselves universal toleration; but, by looking at all men, not as members of sects, but as partakers of a common humanity, whom it will be better for us, than even for them, to bind to ourselves by the cords of love.

We have dwelt upon this matter the more especially, because it stands out from the other subjects of Mr. Cobbett's speculations, the occasion of a whole work—a separate and marvellous instance of the narrowness of his intellect, or of that from which almost all narrowness of intellect proceeds, the viciousness of his feelings. On many other points he is equally wrong-headed. He laughs at the political economists, while it is obvious that when writers give you the whole process of their thoughts, you ought only either to show errors in the reasoning, or object to the premises. We should be inclined perhaps to quarrel with some of the primary assumptions of the economists; but these are allowed by Mr. Cobbett, and built upon by himself in many of his arguments; and he scarcely ever attempts to expose any sophism or mistake in the course of their deductions. We might mention, if we had space, a variety of other matters whereupon this author is no less in error. But, in fact, Mr. Cobbet has, at different times, bestowed such exceeding pains in the attempt to refute or contradict every thing he has ever maintained, that to bring his opinions into discussion here, would be merely to inspire the slaughtered monsters with a galvanic life, for the purpose of again meeting them in combat. Since the time when it was said by the patriarch of critics, 'Oh! that mine enemy would write a book,' we do not believe that any one ever has written a book containing so grotesque an array of inconsistencies as 'The Political Register.' To compare one of its earlier, with one of its later volumes, remembering that both are written by the same hand, reminds us of

those fantastic dreams wherein we fight and conquer some vague shape, which anon starts up again and engages with a shadow that wears its own former likeness.

There is one great merit in Mr. Cobbett—and one only—which is perhaps peculiar to him among the party-writers of the day. There is not a page of his that ever has come under our notice, wherein there does not breathe throughout, amid all his absurdities of violence and inconsistency, the strongest feeling for the welfare of the people. The feeling is in nine cases in ten totally misdirected; but there it is, a living and vigorous sympathy with the interests and hopes of the mass of mankind. Many persons will be ready to maintain, because he has shown himself at various times as not very scrupulous for truth, that he has no real and sincere good quality whatsoever, and that he merely writes what is calculated to be popular. But we confess we are inclined to think, from the tone and spirit of his works, that he commonly persuades himself he believes what he is saying, and feels deeply at the moment what he expresses strongly. It is obvious to us, that while he puts forth against his opponents the most unmeasured malignity, there is a true and hearty kindness in all that he writes about, or to, the people. He seems to us to speak of the poorer classes, as if he still felt about him the atmosphere of the cottage,—not as if he were robed in ermine or lawn, or in the sable gown of a professor,—but in the smock-frock of the peasant. And it would be useful, therefore, to peers and bishops, parliamentary orators and university dogmatists, if they would now and then read the books they always rail at. They would find in them a portrait, thrilling with all the pulses of animation, of the thoughts and desires of a class, the largest and therefore the most important in society, among whom that which is universal and eternal in our nature displays itself under a totally different aspect from that which it wears among us. Mr. Cobbett's personal consciousness of all which is concealed from our eyes by grey jackets and clouted shoes, has kept alive his sympathy with the majority of mankind; and this is indeed a merit, which can be attributed to but few political writers.

And far more than this, it is a merit which belongs to no one we remember but himself and Burns, among all the persons that have raised themselves from the lowest condition of life into eminence. Take, for instance, the late Mr. Gifford, and see with what persevering dislike he opposed the interests and hopes of the portion of society to which he himself originally belonged. He seems to have felt the necessity of vindicating his new position, by contempt for his former associates; to have proved the sincerity of his apostacy from plebeianism by tenfold hostility to all but the aristocracy; and to have made use of his elevation only to trample upon those with whom he was formerly on a level. Now we do not think that Mr. Cobbett has taken the right way to advance the well-being of the people; but we certainly do believe, and we think that but for prepossession every body would incline to think, from the character of his writings, that he does really and earnestly desire to promote the happiness of the labouring classes.

This is the bright side of his moral disposition. The one saving elegance of his tastes is a hearty relish and admiration of outward natural beauty. There are many portions of his voluminous works, in which we seem to see the tufted greenness and fresh sparkle of the country through a more lucid medium, than in any of the writings of our best novelists or travellers. This arises from the happy fact, that his way of looking at things external has never been systematized. He retains all the old glad vividness of his apprehensions, wherewith he used to look upon the fields and hedge-rows when he was a whistling plough-boy; and he puts the clouds, cows, and meadows into his pages, with the simple clearness of description that naturally results from this feeling. Men,

who were more early instructed, see every thing in connection with wide and vague trains of association, which dilute and confuse the direct strength of their perception. But

'The cowslip on the river's brim
A yellow cowslip is to him,
And it is nothing more.'

It is nothing more to him in the way that it is any thing more to us. It is to him a little flower, which recalls no poetical descriptions, and does not suggest the images of the nymphs, or Pan, or even of elfin dancers. But it appears to him with all the firmness and liveliness of impression which it gave to his boyish senses, and so he offers it to us; and, in truth, he does his spirit gently. But we are far off from the turbulent politician. We had wandered with him into the rich corn-field, surging and gleaming to the wind, and dappled with the shadows of the clouds,—we were resting from the din of factions among the happy plenteousness and varied forms of animal enjoyment which crowd the farm-yard,—but the cock crows, and, like uneasy ghosts, we must away.

We believe we have treated Mr. Cobbett more lightly than he would have been handled by most men. But we do not think that his gross and manifold sins are such as seem likely to be particularly mischievous at present. When the people are better educated, they will be little at the mercy of the abusive violence and ludicrous inconsistencies of such writers; or rather if, as a nation, we had been better brought up,—if the Legislature and the Church Establishment had done their duty,—a person with Mr. Cobbett's abilities, and in his original position, would not have grown up what he is. Had he been taught the easy wisdom of love, instead of the bitter lessons of hatred and ambition, he might, he must, have been an instrument of the most extensive and permanent good. He would have brought us nearer to the poor and lowly; he would have domesticated truth and religion at the fire-side of the cottager; he would have bound us all more closely, in the embrace of common sympathy and mutual improvement.

As it is, he is merely a writer of extraordinary powers; a politician of vulgar and petty objects. There is a downright and direct simplicity in his sentences, and a copiousness of unelaborate illustration, which would render him the most perfect of writers for the people at large, if there were not in his opinions a confounding together of all systems which are not philosophical, and at the bottom of his mind an indifference to truth, which have prevented him from ever doing a tithe of the good he might otherwise have accomplished. For what are his improvements in the manufacture of bonnets, his delightful 'Cottage Economy,' and his singular and powerful volume of sermons, when weighed against all the misapplied influence and wasted talents, which he has been burying through life under heaps of scurrility and inconsistency? It is painful to think of all that such a man would have been induced to do under a better social system, and to compare it with the little he has effected towards regenerating a bad one. He will doubtless say of the *ATHENÆUM*, if he mentions our observations at all, that 'another of the brethren of the broad-sheet, I suppose, some starving Scotch *feelosopher*, who has come to London to pick our pockets, and help to support the *THING*, has been writing a parcel of trash about me. A pitiful rascal, who probably never saw me in his life, unless I may have given him a penny for sweeping a crossing, and pushing his greasy hat under my nose, has pretended to give the world an account of my character. He ought to be much obliged to me for mentioning his beastly slanders, as the world would otherwise never have heard of them. As it is, he need not imagine that I shall attempt to answer him. Though, I suppose, indeed, the poor devil's only hope lay in his expectation that I never should hear of his dirty work. But my readers need not suspect that I shall descend to notice his laughable accusations. All the world, except his

Majesty's Ministers, have long ago acknowledged, that no man but William Cobbett can save this country from utter ruin. And his Majesty's Government will soon be obliged to come sneaking to my house at Kensington, to persuade me to tell them how they can get us out of the mess. But the King knows already, that I will not assist him to save England from destruction as long as he refuses to give me uncontrolled power over the THING, by making me Prime Minister. My readers know how my predictions have been accomplished; and I now prophesy, that this will happen before Easter; we shall then have the *feelosophers* eating their words, (and a dirty dish they make,) and, till then, I leave them to the cheesemongers.'

Our readers see, that we write with our eyes open to the consequences of our temerity.

TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY.

Tales of an Antiquary; chiefly illustrative of the Manners, Traditions, and Remarkable Localities of Ancient London. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

THIS is an attractive title.—London, although allied to the great recollections of antiquity, has a sort of classical interest peculiar to itself. As it now exists, it is perhaps the greatest repository of human emulation and passion—of wealth and its concomitant luxury—of the charms of civilized life, and its attendant vices, in the known world. What numberless conflicting emotions, what a mass of thought and activity, what an intermingled chaos of good and evil, does Night, when it drops its ebon shade over our famed metropolis, lull into brief repose!—a repose unshared, however, by many a child of misfortune, to whom the giant-city, whether sleeping or wakening, presents alike a dark brow and stony bosom.

To an Englishman, the older and more noted parts of London offer a multitude of absorbing reminiscences. Is he attached to the historic or political? There is the Tower of Julius Caesar, the Hall of William Rufus, Westminster Abbey, and a hundred other points of interest. Does the gentler genius of imagination and poesy hold sway over his sympathies? There is the Globe Theatre, where Shakspeare and Ben Jonson played; and the Mitre Tavern, where Doctor Johnson dogmatized, and Garrick, Burke, and Goldsmith consorted; and Eastcheap, where, at the sign of the Boar, the Elizabethan poets joined in 'catches that would draw three souls out of one weaver.'

It will readily be imagined, therefore, that, with so pregnant a theme, the volumes before us are full of interest; and the reader will not find himself disappointed on opening them. They present faithful and spirited sketches of the condition of London at successive eras; of the changes which time has wrought in the pretensions and character of various districts; and of the olden manners and customs, as contrasted with those of the present day; with, here and there, an entertaining historical portrait. Every source of information has apparently been ransacked; the dust that had congregated on many a black-letter folio shaken away; the rusty clasps of many a sealed book of knowledge unhinged, in order to produce this curious collection of stories.

The following passage, which precedes 'Richard Turpin, a Legend of Bucklersbury,' will serve further to illustrate the author's design:

'The scenes of our Metropolis do not alter more in their names, than they do in the features by which they were formerly known and characterised. Who that now looks at the prim, but modern, building of Ely-place in Holborn, can imagine the old Episcopal Palace standing there? or can fitly place in it that famous garden, the strawberries of which, as Shakspeare tells us, attracted the attention of the guiltily-aspiring Richard, Duke of Gloucester? Even Cheapside, with all its modern bravery, but slightly reflects that lustre which shone from it, when the houses of the Goldsmith's Row were hung with arras, tapestry, cloths of

tissue and gold, and rich historical embroideries; when the windows blazed with golden flagons, beakers, chargers, chalices, and innumerable other pieces of plate, to do honour to a Coronation-Progress, a Royal Procession, or a City Pageant. Even my own old residence of Little Britain is no longer the Palace of the Duke of Bretagne, nor the literary part of London; and "the Booksellers" have fled, even from "Powle's." Where are the Text-writers, and Bead-makers of Pater-noster-row, and of Ave-Maria-lane? Where are all the Butchers, of whom De Foe, in his quaint, terrific, and interesting Journal of the Plague-year, writes as occupying the upper end of St. Martin's-le-Grand, then called Blow-Bladder-street? a name which it received to commemorate their mal-practices. All these, and a thousand picturesque features beside, each of which deserves a particular lamentation, our splendid signs, our once musical cries, our singular and remarkable characters, and our ancient Clubs,—all, all are gone!—

"Like the lost Pleiad,—to return no more!"'

The tales are numerous and various in character, although their principal merit undoubtedly lies in their retrospect of 'auld lang sync.' For his materials, the author has successively laid under contribution traditions and associations of the wildest as well as the most familiar character; and it is curious enough to remark the blending of romance and homeliness in such titles as 'The Possessed One, a Legend of Lombard Street,' or 'Killerop the Changeling, a Legend of Pickaxe Street.' The *Trial by Battle*, a Legend of Tothill Fields, is, by the by, sufficiently characteristic. The fascination of the greatest names is likewise resorted to; and we have thus Shakspeare himself, as well as several of his happiest creations,—Falstaff, Master Shallow, Sir Hugh Evans, 'and the rest,' together with Izaak Walton, Samuel Johnson, and a long list of other worthies, successively brought before us; while from some such train of familiar and eminently English associations, the author probably starts off, in his next story, to a subject of diablerie, the scene whereof shall be laid in *Des Rovers' Woud* (the Robbers' Forest) in the Netherlands.

Still, the city of London—the *City*, emphatically speaking, is the centre of his predilections. He evidently takes both pride and pleasure in dwelling upon its greatness, its revolutions, its antiquities. The following goodly catalogue of illustrious personages would surprise many an honest citizen of the present day, or indeed, as the author himself says, any one but those who already know and glory in it.

'The long and goodly catalogue would certainly fill with amazement any but those who already knew and gloried in it. Have we not blessed St. Joseph the Carpenter of Nazareth, and holy Paul the Tent-maker, whose name is so precious to the Merchant Taylors? besides their splendid roll of Eight Kings, Eighteen Princes and Dukes, an Archbishop, and an extended list of Nobility? When will the Skinners forget to boast of their Six Kings and Five Queens? or the Grocers of their associate Monarchs and Princes? Can the Goldsmiths cease to remember their pious and ingenious Bishop Dunstan, and the patriotic Sir Hugh Middleton? or the Fishmongers their loyal Sir William Walworth? Shall not the Drapers still proudly recount to their sons how the first Lord Mayor of London was of their brotherhood, and a Baron of the realm? Think, I pray you, of the ancient valour of the Artillery Company, commanded by several Kings and Princes; and on the piety and learning of the Stationers, led by Caxton, the early Translator of the Bible, and many of the most eminent English Reformers and Martyrs? Look at the Artists and Antiquaries of the Painters-Stainers, with Camden, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some of the best designers of his time, at their head? Look at these, I say, and at a thousand others, and then answer me, if such worthies be not the honourable and legitimate objects of a true Citizen's pride?'

One of the most interesting stories in the whole work is that called the 'Foreign Executioner,' in whom is represented the man who decapitated Charles I. This person is introduced to the reader as conscience-stricken during a sermon on the crime of murder in a country church in Scotland, to the pastor of which he subsequently unfolds his tale, which is related with mingled sim-

plicity and power. The following sketches of his first sight of his employer and victim—Oliver and Charles—will, we think, be found very entertaining:

'It will hardly be credited, that at the time of which I speak, I was not twenty years of age; and I had hardly reigned two years over death, when a British Trooper, who spake the Spanish tongue, sought my dwelling, and proposed to me a voyage to England; where he stated that a person of high rank was to be beheaded, and that the government wished for an Executioner who was at once eminent and unknown. No country on earth could be more detestable to me than my own, and I therefore readily consented, provided my liberty were procured. This was done at no inconsiderable price in gold; I departed with the Trooper, and we arrived in England towards the latter end of January, 1649. All knowledge of the person whom I was to execute was carefully kept from me; but I was introduced to one who was called Lieutenant-General, a tall and somewhat stout man, of a long, full, and rather reddish countenance, with dark flowing hair, especially on the back of his head, and small and reticent eyes, the brows of which were contracted together. There was a great degree of stern serenity in his features, and his voice was harsh, though his language was full of fervour. He was habited in a light cloth dress with a short linen collar, and a steel cuirass before it: whilst thick quilted cushions arched in front with iron plates, and large brown boots with massive spurs, were upon his legs, and a powerful sword hung from a cross belt by his side. It was midnight when I was conducted into this person's presence, and before the doors of the chamber in which he was, a trooper passed backwards and forwards with his carbine bent. To him a watchword was given before he admitted us; and when we entered, we discovered a large and antique oak-lined chamber, which was lighted up by a bright fire burning on the hearth, and the flame of a silver lamp which stood upon a carved wooden table, together with papers, proclamations, a small clasped bible, and two horse-pistols.'

'When five days had passed from my arrival in England,—during which time I was kept in perfect solitude, attended only by the Trooper, who brought me food, and who daily led me out to walk into a high-walled, solitary court-yard, for air and exercise,—on the evening of the sixth I was ordered to be in readiness to quit my present lodgings at midnight, and to prepare for the performance of my duty on the following morning. It was now long since I had sympathized in any human passions, or felt an attachment to any human spot; but from that solitary apartment, I had been witness to a scene which had again awakened some of the better feelings of my nature. About the middle of the preceding day, it seemed to me as though I heard some one sighing, weeping, and praying in the next apartment, and, upon searching the wainscot, I discovered a small space through which I could survey him unobserved. In this chamber, which was fitted up in a somewhat more costly manner than my own, I discovered a tall handsome man of about fifty years of age, with beautiful long black hair, and a face in which majesty, sorrow, and interesting piety, were exquisitely blended. He was dressed in a close, but rich habit, with a jewel suspended to a light blue ribbon about his neck, and a sort of coronet cap was placed upon the table near him. He was slowly pacing about the room, and, as if engaged in active devotion, his ejaculations were frequent and fervid; whilst his fine dark brown eyes and mild countenance were often turned to Heaven with an air of grief blended with resignation.'

'Whilst I was feeling, almost for the first time in my life, pity and interest for a fellow-creature, the door of his apartment opened, and I saw the Trooper, whom I have already mentioned, lead in a young female and a lovely child, who, both in face and appearance, greatly resembled the person I had before been looking at. Their brief interview was tender in the extreme; tears, embraces, and kisses, and all the forcible and affectionate language of parting, evidently passed between them; though, at that time, your tongue was almost totally unknown to me. They were allowed but a very short time to remain together, for the Trooper soon led them out; and the Stranger, whom I closely watched for the remainder of the day, returned to his devotions, in which he was sometimes assisted by an Ecclesiastic, who shortly afterwards came to him. The manner in which I had been brought to this country, and the secrecy in which I had been kept here, caused it to burst upon my mind, that I beheld my victim, King Charles of England, in the stranger I have spoken of; for the Civil War, then raging in Britain,

was well known in Spain. This thought shook me with horror; but I then had gone too far to recede; and, like other weak and sinful men, I sought to stifle my conscience by plunging me yet deeper into crime.'

We cannot dismiss these volumes without observing, that they are interspersed with some very beautiful copies of verses, indicating that the author must long ere now have courted the inspiration of the muse. Our readers will, we feel confident, thank us for subjoining the following lively specimen:

'Syr Tankarde he is as bold a wight
As ever old England bred;
His armoure it is of the silver bright,
And his colour is ruby red:
And whene'er on the bully ye call,
He is ready to give ye a fall;
But if long in the battle with him you should be,
The weaker are you, and the stronger is he,
For Syr Tankarde is victor of all.
'A barley-corn ear he mounts for a spear,
His helmet with hops is hung;
He lights the eye with a laughing leer,
With a carol he tips the tongue:
And he marshals a valiant host
Of spices, and crabs, and toast;
And the stoutest of yeomen they well can o'erthrow,
When he leads them in beakers and jugs to the foe;
And Syr Tankarde his prowess may boast.'

THE RED ROVER.

The Red Rover, a Tale., By the AUTHOR of 'The Spy,' 'The Pilot,' 'The Prairie,' &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828.

We must admit, that in the present production of Mr. Cooper, we have been considerably disappointed, as our expectations of its merits were not only grounded on our own estimate of the author's distinguished talents, but in some degree prejudiced in its favour, by the flattering opinions of our contemporaries. It is, however, one of the disadvantages attendant on voluminous authorship, that the talent displayed in a man's subsequent productions is too frequently measured by the standard of his earlier works, and positive merit is weighed by comparative investigation. In this point of view the 'Red Rover' is far inferior to its predecessors from the same pen, as it excels in power and originality the similar attempts of its author's literary rivals. As a tale of the sea, it possesses the same characteristics with the 'Pilot' in style and expression, whilst the plot is totally divested of imagination or probability, and the agents of the story are marked with less vivid individuality. For our own parts, we do not conceive the overflow of technicalities with which the style of the 'American Novelist' is burthened, to be either suitable or popular in a work of amusement. To the particular class from whom it is drawn, it must be, naturally, highly attractive; but these unfortunately form but a small portion of the 'reading public,' and to two-thirds of the remainder, the peculiar excellencies of Mr. Cooper are either inapparent or unappreciated. We have no objection to the occasional introduction of a seaman; or the faithful delineation of a nautical scene, as a relief to the less marked positions and personages of a novel; but what we dissent from is the assumption of that character by the narrator. Throughout all his volumes the author before us is particularly fond of first alluding to the intended or immediate motions of his vessel, and then proceeding to particularise the peculiar and minute manoeuvres for effecting the requisite movement. Now the first is all that is requisite, the second is unintelligible to one half of his readers, and superfluous to all. It is quite sufficient to inform us of the course or tacks of the ship in question, without enumerating every sheet and block, overhauling and belaying, by which this is effected. It would appear very ridiculous if some of our medical authors, instead of simply mentioning that their heroine had gracefully moved her head from left to right, should

state, 'that she contracted, by a gentle exertion, the sterno-cleido mastoideo muscle of the neck; that the coadys of the os occipitis slowly moved in their recipient cavities in the atlantean vertebrae, and her cranium was inclined in a lateral direction'; yet the bulk of readers would be as much at home in the one description as the other, and perhaps more so. In this, however, we by no means wish to detract from the real talent displayed in Mr. Cooper's novels; we only conceive his technical descriptions to be often overdone, and still more often out of place.

But we must come to the work before us. The tale is laid some seventy years ago, and the scene is, as usual, on the coast of North America, where a ship of singular appearance, and a suspicious character, is represented as lying in the harbour of Newport, in Rhode Island.

The vessel is, of course, the ship of the Red Rover, a pirate whose exploits have raised him high in the chronicles of buccaneering annalists, and whose habits, at least the current reports regarding them, are thus detailed by a gossiping tailor of Newport:

"And are the villains so bloody-minded that they are called Red?"

"Such is the title of their leader," returned the worthy tailor, who by this time was swelling with the importance of possessing so interesting a legend to communicate; "and such is also the name they give to their vessel; because no man who has put foot on board her, has ever come back to say that she has a better or a worse; that is, no honest mariner or lucky voyager. The ship is of the size of a King's sloop, they say, and of like equipments and form: but she has miraculously escaped from the hands of many a gallant frigate; and once it is whispered, for no loyal subject would like to say such a scandalous thing openly, Pardon, that she lay under the guns of a fifty for an hour, and seemingly, to all eyes, she sunk like hammered lead to the bottom. But just as every body was shaking hands, and wishing his neighbour joy at so happy a punishment coming over the knaves, a West-Indian came into port that had been robbed by the Rover on the morning after the night in which it was thought they had all gone into eternity together. And what makes the matter worse, boy, while the King's ship was careening with her keel out, to stop the holes of cannon balls, the pirate was sailing up and down the coast as sound as the day that the wrights first turned her from their hands!"

"Well, this is unheard-of!" returned the countryman, on whom the tale was beginning to make a sensible impression. "Is she a well-turned and comely ship to the eye? or is it by any means certain that she is an actual living vessel at all?"

"Opinions differ. Some say, yes; some say, no. But I am well acquainted with a man who travelled a week in company with a mariner, who passed within a hundred feet of her in a gale of wind. Lucky it was for them, that the hand of the Lord was felt so powerfully on the deep, and that the Rover had enough to do to keep his own ship from foundering. The acquaintance of my friend had a good view of both vessel and captain, therefore, in perfect safety. He said, that the pirate was a man may-be half as big again as the tall preacher over on the main, with hair of the colour of the sun in a fog, and eyes that no man would like to look upon a second time. He saw him as plainly as I see you; for the knave stood in the rigging of his ship, beckoning, with a hand as big as a coat-flap, for the honest trader to keep off, in order that the two vessels might not do one another damage by coming foul."

"He was a bold mariner, that trader, to go so nigh such a merciless rogue."

"I warrant you, Pardon, it was desperately against his will! But it was on a night so dark—"

"Dark!" interrupted the other; "by what contrivance, then, did he manage to see so well?"

"No man can say!" answered the tailor, "but see he did, just in the manner, and the very things I have named to you. More than that, he took good note of the vessel, that he might know her, if chance or Providence should ever happen to throw her again into his way. She was a long black ship, lying low in the water, like a snake in the grass, with a desperate wicked look, and altogether of dishonest dimensions. Then, every body says that she appears to sail faster than the clouds above, seeming to care little which way the wind blows, and that no one is a jot safer from her speed

than her honesty. According to all that I have heard, she is something such a craft as yonder slaver, that has been lying the week past, the Lord knows why, in our outer harbour."

We are shortly after introduced to this re-doubled personage, under a masquerading dress which he frequently assumes throughout the progress of the story; and at the same time to another character, who takes the post of second importance in the novel. This is young Wilder, a British officer, despatched as a spy upon the motions of the Red Rover, who, with a facility only to be met with in romance, becomes acquainted with our hero, and is at once appointed to the first lieutenancy of the pirate-ship. The descriptive portions of the work are, without exception, good, and we quote the following picture of the cabin of the Red Rover :

"The apartment in which our adventurer now found himself, afforded no bad illustration of the character of its occupant. In its form and proportions, it was a cabin of the usual size and arrangements; but in its furniture and equipments, it exhibited a singular admixture of luxury and martial preparation. The lamp, which swung from the upper deck, was of solid silver; and, though adapted to its present situation by mechanical ingenuity, there was that in its shape and ornaments which betrayed it had once been used before some shrine of a far more sacred character. Massive candlesticks, of the same precious metal, and which partook of the same ecclesiastical formation, were on a venerable table, whose mahogany was glittering with the polish of half a century, and whose gilded claws and carved supports bespoke an original destination very different from the ordinary service of a ship. A couch, covered with cut velvet, stood along the transom; while a divan, of blue silk, lay against the bulkhead opposite, manifesting, by its fashion, its materials, and its piles of pillows, that even Asia had been made to contribute to the ease of its luxurious owner. In addition to these prominent articles, there were cut glass mirrors, plate, and even hangings; each of which, by something peculiar in its fashion or materials, bespoke an origin different from that of its neighbour. In short, splendour and elegance seemed to have been much more consulted than propriety, or conformity in taste, in the selection of most of those articles which had been, oddly enough, made to contribute to the caprice or to the comfort of their singular possessor.

In the midst of this medley of wealth and luxury, appeared the frowning appendages of war. The cabin included four of those dark cannon whose weight and number had been first to catch the attention of Wilder. Notwithstanding they were placed in such close proximity to the articles of ease just enumerated, it only needed a seaman's eye to perceive that they stood ready for instant service, and that five minutes of preparation would strip the place of all its tinsel, and leave it a warm and well protected battery. Pistols, sabres, half-pikes, boarding-axes, and all the minor implements of marine warfare, were arranged about the cabin in such a manner as to aid in giving it an appearance of wild embellishment, while, at the same time, each was convenient to the hand.

Around the mast was placed a stand of muskets; and strong wooden bars, that were evidently made to fit in brackets on either side of the door, sufficiently showed that the bulk-head might easily be converted into a barrier. The entire arrangement proclaimed that the cabin was considered the citadel of the ship. In support of this latter opinion appeared a hatch, which evidently communicated with the apartments of the inferior officers, and which also opened a direct passage into the magazine. These dispositions, a little different from what he had been accustomed to see, instantly struck the eye of Wilder, though leisure was not then given to reflect on their uses and objects."

A new set of characters are now introduced; namely, Miss Grayson, her aunt and governess, who are about embarking in another vessel for Carolina. Of course, young Wilder falls in love at first sight with the heroine; and as he has learned the intention of the pirate to attack the ship in which she was to embark, he employs every means in his power, and very silly means they are, to dissuade her. It is all in vain, however: the ship is on the point of sailing, when, most opportunely, the captain breaks his leg, and Wilder is, without loss of time, nay, on a five minutes' intimation of the fact, installed in the command!

The Royal Caroline, so she is named, sails from the bay, whilst all the exertions of the new captain are employed to carry her out of the course of the Rover. He fails of course; the pirate pursues him; a storm ensues; the Royal Caroline is dismantled, reduced to a total wreck, and at length goes down, while Wilder and the ladies escape in the launch, and are safely received on board the pirate-vessel the Dolphin. We are exceeding our limits, but we must quote the following beautiful sketch of the sinking ship :

' His words were smothered by the rushing and gurgling of waters. The vessel made a plunge like a dying whale; and, raising its stern high into the air, glided into the depths of the sea, like the Leviathan seeking his secret places. The motionless boat was listed with the ship, until it stood in an attitude fearfully approaching to the perpendicular. As the wreck descended, the bows of the launch met the element, burying themselves nearly to filling; but buoyant and light, it rose again, and struck powerfully on the stern by the settling mass, the little ark shot a-head as though it had been driven by the hand of man. Still, as the water rushed into the vortex, every thing within its influence yielded to the suction; and, at the next instant, the launch was seen darting down the declivity, as if eager to follow the vast machine, of which it had so long formed a dependant, through the same gaping whirlpool, to the bottom. Then it rose, rocking, to the surface; and, for a moment, was tossed and whirled like a bubble circling in the eddies of a pool. After which the ocean moaned, and slept again; the moon-beams playing across its treacherous bosom, sweetly and calm, as the rays are seen to quiver on a lake that is embedded in sheltering mountains.'

The plot now thickens; the Rover encounters the British vessel to which Wilder is attached, goes on board in disguise, and discovers his treachery; but instead, however, of executing him as a traitor, he dismisses him and his friends in the most polite and approved manner. As soon as Wilder gets on board, he informs his commander of the real character of the Rover. A sea-fight ensues, the British are beaten, and the treacherous lieutenant is again in the power of the corsair. He is on the point of immediate execution when the dénouement ensues; a number of singular discoveries are made in a moment, and an amicable arrangement and an advantageous match are concocted on the spot. For these particulars, however, we must refer our readers to the work itself, which, notwithstanding the few blemishes which are here mentioned, is really a production of great power and extreme interest. They will readily perceive, from the sketch and specimens we have given, that the story is, in every incident, ridiculously improbable; but it has been made the vehicle of conveying some of the most masterly pieces of description and composition which we have yet seen from the pen of Mr. Cooper.

FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

The Fairy Mythology. 2 vols. 8vo. Ainsworth. London. 1828.

THIS is certainly one of the most delightful as well as curious books that we have for many a day had the pleasure of perusing. The materials are collected together from every country and every language;—the author (Mr. Keightley we understand) has not only manifested that he is an admirable linguist and an excellent antiquarian, but he has brought a great deal of taste and fancy to relieve and harmonize his abundant details; and, to crown the excellence of the work, it is full of the richest and most spirited etchings and wood-cuts—grotesque, or playful, or splendid as the subject wants—from the pencil of Mr. W. H. Brooke. We have all of us, at some time or other, been delighted with the rich visions of the 'Land of Faerie,' and they are connected by the most exquisite poetry of our language. Our obligations, therefore, are great to Mr. Keightley, who in this book fills our mind with all the philosophy and learning of this most extensive subject; and shows us that even nursery stories afford excellent materials for the most agreeable researches.

It is impossible, within our limits, to give any thing like a satisfactory account of the treasures which are gathered together in the full garners of 'The Fairy Mythology.' We have before us all that can be collected of the beautiful and mysterious beings of Persian and Arabian Romance, the creatures of fire, the malignant Deevs, and the benevolent Peris; the one dwelling in enchanted castles and gloomy caverns, impatient of light and fragrance, and cherishing the most cruel antipathies—the other inhabiting the Jewel city, and the Amber city, floating about amidst sunbeams and flowers, and deriving sustenance from the choicest odours. Next comes the Middle-age Romance—King Arthur and Queen Gwenere, the Fairy Tryamour and the virtuous Sir Launfal—Oberon the Fay, and the Dwarf-King Elberich. Fairy-land itself is next described—Avalon, placed in the ocean like the Island of the Blest—the dominions within the earth—and those that are hidden in the inaccessible wilderness. The machinery of Spencer's Fairy Queen leads us on to the eddas and sagas, with their altar and duergar, and thence naturally to the elves, and dwarfs, and nisses, and mermaids of Scandinavia. All these peculiar beings have their illustrations in popular tales, common to all the northern maritime countries. In the second volume we proceed to the dwarfs, wild-women, Kobolds, and nisses of Germany, and the dwarfs of Switzerland. Of the fairy superstitions of England we must afford an extract:

' The Fairy Mythology of England divides itself into two branches, that of the people and that of the poets. Under the former head will be comprised the few scattered traditions we have been able to collect respecting a system, the belief in which is usually thought to be nearly extinct; the latter will contain a selection of passages, treating of fairies and their exploits, from our principal poets.

' The Fairies of England are evidently the Dwarfs of Germany and the North, though they do not appear to have been ever so denominated. Their appellation was Elves, subsequently Fairies; but there would seem to have been formerly other terms expressive of them, of which not a vestige is now remaining in the English language.

' They were, like their northern kindred, divided into two classes; the rural Elves, inhabiting the woods, fields, mountains, and caverns; and the domestic or house-spirits, called hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellowes. But the Thames, the Avon, and the other English streams were never the abode of a Neck or Kelpie.

' For the earliest account we have of the English Fairies we are indebted to the Imperial Chancellor Gervase of Tilbury, who gives the following particulars respecting the Fairy Mythology of England in the thirteenth century.

' "There is," says he, "in the county of Gloucester, a forest abounding in boars, stags, and every species of game that England produces. In a grovy lawn of this forest there is a little mount, rising in a point to the height of a man, on which knights and other hunters are used to ascend when fatigued with heat and thirst, to seek some relief for their wants. The nature of the place, and of the busines is, however, such, that whoever ascends the mount must leave his companions, and go quite alone."

" When alone he was to say, as if speaking to some other person, I thirst, and immediately there would appear a cup-bearer in an elegant dress, with a cheerful countenance, bearing in his stretched out hand a large horn, adorned with gold and gems, as was the custom among the most ancient English. In the cup, nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavour was presented, and when it was drunk, all heat and weariness fled from the glowing body, so that one would be thought ready to undertake toil instead of having toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was taken, the servant presented a towel to the drinker to wipe his mouth with, and then having performed his office, he waited neither for a recompence for his services, nor for questions and inquiry.

" This frequent and daily action had for a very long period of old times taken place among the ancient people, till one day a knight of that city, when out hunting, went taither, and having called for a drink and gotten the horn, did not, as was the custom, and as in good manners he should have done, return it to the

cup-bearer, but kept it for his own use. But the illustrious Earl of Gloucester, when he learned the truth of the matter, condemned the robber to death, and presented the horn to the most excellent King Henry the Elder, lest he should be thought to have approved of such wickedness, if he had added the rapine of another to the store of his private property."

" In another place he says,

" " They have in England certain demons, though I know not whether I should call them demons or figures of a secret and unknown generation, which the French call Neptunes, the English Fortunes. It is their nature to embrace the simple life of comfortable farmers, and when, on account of their domestic work, they are sitting up at night, when the doors are shut, they warm themselves at the fire, and take little frogs out of their bosom, roast them on the coals, and eat them. They have the countenance of old men, with wrinkled cheeks, and they are of a very small stature, not being quite half an inch high. They wear little patched coats, and if any thing is to be carried in the house, or any laborious work to be done, they lend a hand, and finish it sooner than any man could. It is their nature to have the power to serve, but not to injure. They have, however, one little mode of annoying. When in the uncertain shades of night the English are riding any where alone, the Fortune sometimes invisibly joins the horseman; and when he has accompanied him a good while, he at last takes the reins, and leads the horse into a neighbouring slough; and when he is fixed and floundering in it, the Fortune goes off with a loud laugh, and by sport of this sort, he mocks the simplicity of mankind."

" " There is," says he again, " in England a certain kind of demon whom, in their language, they call Grant, like a yearling foal, erect on its hind legs, with sparkling eyes. This kind of demon often appears in the streets in the heat of the day, or about sunset. If there is any danger impending on the following day or night, it runs about the streets provoking the dogs to bark, and, by feigning flight, draws the dogs after it, in the vain hope of catching it. This illusion warns the inhabitants to beware of fire, and thus the friendly demon, while he terrifies those who see him, pets by his coming the ignorant on their guard."

In the same spirit of laborious research, combining some of the most pleasant amusements of antiquarian lore, we leave the Fairy Mythology of the Celts, (Ireland, Scottish Highlands, Man, Wales, and Brittany,) of Southern Europe—of the Finns and Slaves—of the Africans and Jews. We should have much pleasure in giving some account of these interesting narratives; we have less regret in being compelled to pass them over, from the conviction that the work must form part of the library of every lover of poetical antiquities, and every general scholar—we had almost said, of every reader for mere amusement.

HAZLITT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The Life of Napoleon. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Vols. 1 and 2, 8vo. Hunt and Clarke. London. 1828.

WE shall defer entering at large on the merits or demerits of this work until all the four volumes are published. It is, in our opinion, an act of great injustice to pass a hasty judgment on a production which treats of the most important events of modern history, and quite indefensible to criticise the labours of an author who has, perhaps, devoted to them many years of his life, without a strict examination of his work. We have only been able to look hastily through the two volumes now before us; they are occupied by an account of the French Revolution and the early part of Napoleon's political and military career. They contain passages of great power and beauty, joined to much gorgeousness of style; and they breathe a sincere love of truth and liberty, but they are disfigured by several striking errors in statements of fact, and some national prejudices, of minor importance. The French Revolution is justified by Mr. Hazlitt with zeal and ability; but events are frequently lost sight of in long and useless dissertations. We find parts of 'Mignet's History' translated entire; we will mention, for example, the relation of the events at Versailles and the fall of Robespierre.

Such is the impression which a first reading of Mr. Hazlitt's work has left on our minds; we do

not give this as our definitive judgment on the author's production, which we shall reserve for a future number. In the mean time the following extract will enable our readers to form some opinion of the style and principles of our historian :

The excesses of the French Revolution have indeed been considered as an anomaly in history, as a case taken out of every rule or principle of morality by comparison with any thing else. But there are three tests by which we may form a tolerably fair estimate of the characters and motives of those concerned in it. First, do we not see the hold which the love of power and all strong excitement takes of the mind; how it engrosses the faculties, stifles compunction, and deadens the sense of shame, even when it is purely selfish or mischievous, when it does not even pretend to have any good in view, and when we have all the world against us? What then must be the force and confidence in itself which any such passion, ambition, cruelty, revenge, must acquire when it is founded on some lofty and high-sounding principle, patriotism, liberty, resistance to tyrants; when it aims at the public good as its consequence, and is strengthened by the applause of the multitude? Evil is strong enough in itself; when it has good for its end, it is conscience-proof. If the common bravo or cut-throat, who stabs another merely to fill his purse or revenge a private grudge, can hardly be persuaded that he does wrong, and postpones his remorse till long after—he who sheds blood like water, but can contrive to do it with some fine-sounding name on his lips, will be in his own eyes little less than a saint or martyr. Robespierre was a professed admirer of Rousseau's "Social Contract" and the "Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar;" and I do not conceive it impossible that he thought of these when the mob were dancing round him at his own door. He would certainly have sent any one to the guillotine who should have confuted him in a dispute on the one or have ridiculed the other; but this would not prove that he had altered his opinion of either. He was a political pedant, a violent dogmatist, weak in argument, and who wished to be strong in fact. Every head he cut off, he felt his power the greater; with the increase of power, he felt his opinions confirmed, and with the certainty of his opinions, the security for the welfare and liberty of mankind. These were the rollers on which his actions moved, spreading ruin and dismay in large and sweeping circles; these were the theoretical moulds in which cruelty, suspicion, and proscription were cast, which, according to the abstractedness, or what in the cant of the day was called the *purity* of his principles, embraced a wider sphere, and called for unlimited sacrifices. The habitual and increasing lust of power and gratification in counting his victims did not enable him to disentangle the sophistry which bewildered him or prove to him that he was in the wrong, but the contrary, however the actual results might occasionally stagger him: to save was in his mind to destroy, to destroy was to save; and he remained in all probability as great a contradiction to himself as he has been an anomaly and riddle incapable of solution to others. The fault of such characters is not the absence of strictness of principle or a sense of duty, but an excess of these over their natural sensibility or instinctive prejudices, which makes them both dangerous to the community and hateful in themselves by their obstinate determination to carry into effect any dogma or theory to which they have made up their minds, be the objections or consequences what they will. Such instruments may indeed be wanted for great and trying occasions; but their being thrown into such a situation does not alter the odiousness of their characters nor the opinion of mankind concerning them. The action alone is certain; the motive is hid; the future benefit doubtful. Fame and even virtue are to a certain degree common-place things! This "differences" Robespierre from characters of mere natural ferocity or from the tyrants of antiquity, who indulged in the same insatiable barbarity only to pamper their personal pride and sense of self-importance. Robespierre was nothing in himself but as the guider of a machine, the mouth-piece of an abstract position; he would hurt no one but for differing from him in an opinion, which he had worked himself up to believe was the link that held the world together, the peg on which the safety of the state hung, the very "key-stone that made up the arch" of the social fabric, and that if it was removed, the whole fell together to curseless ruin.

Secondly, let those who deny this view of the subject explain if they can the conduct of religious persecutors and tyrants for conscience' sake. The religious and the political fanatic are one and the same character, and run into the same errors on the same grounds.

Nothing can surely surpass the excesses, the horrors, the refinements in cruelty, and the cold-blooded malignity which have been exercised in the name and under the garb of religion. Yet who will say that this strikes at the root of religion itself, or that the instigators and perpetrators of these horrors were men without one particle of the goodness and sanctity to which they made such lofty and exclusive pretensions; that they were not many of them patterns of sincerity, piety, and the most disinterested zeal (who were ready to undergo the same fate they inflicted on others); and that in consigning their opponents to the stake, the dagger, or the dungeon, they did not believe they were doing God and man good service? The kindling pile, the paper-caps of the victims at an *auto da fé*, the instruments of torture, the solemn hymn, the shout of triumph, the callousness of the executioner, the gravity of the judges are circumstances sufficiently revolting to human nature; but to argue from hence that those who sanctioned or who periodically assisted at such scenes were mere monsters of cruelty and hypocrisy, would be betraying a total ignorance of the contradictions of the human mind. All sects, all religions have retaliated upon one another where they had the power, and some of the best and most enlightened men have been zealots in the cause. We see by this how far an opinion, the conviction of an abstract and contingent good will carry men to violate all their natural feelings and all common ties conscientiously and in the face of day; nor should we imagine that this is confined to religion. I grant that religion being of the highest and least questionable authority has caused more fanaticism and bigotry, more massacres and persecutions than any thing else; but whatever cause, religion, patriotism, freedom, can strongly excite the affections and agitate large masses of men, will produce the same blindfold and headlong zeal, and plead the same excuse for the excesses of its adherents. At the same time I think that those who have been most forward to distinguish themselves as bigots and persecutors have been generally men of austere, vindictive, and narrow minds; and their names are branded in history accordingly.

Thirdly, there is some affinity between foreign and civil war. We pour molten lead on the heads of those who are scaling the walls of a city; but this would be of no use if those within could be found delivering up the keys with impunity. Why then are all our pity and complaints reserved for the evils of civil war, since the passions are as much excited and the danger as great in the one case as in the other? No one will compare Shaw the Life-guards-man with the celebrated Coup-Tête; the one was a gallant soldier, the other a sneaking villain; yet the one cut off as many heads in a day as the other; it is not the blood shed then, but the manner and motive; the one braved a formidable enemy in the field, the other gloated over a hapless victim. We distinguish the soldier and the assassin; to be just, we must distinguish between public and private malice. But here comes in the hypocrisy or cowardice of mankind. In war, the enemy is open and challenges your utmost malice; so that there is nothing more to be said. In conspiracy and civil strife, the enemy is either secret and doubtful or lies at your mercy; and after the catastrophe is over, it is pretended that he was both helpless and innocent, entitled to pity in himself and fixing an indelible stain on his dastardly and cruel oppressor. Here then is again required in times of revolution that *moral courage*, which uses a discretionary power, and takes an awful responsibility upon itself, going right forward to its object, and setting fastidious scruples, character, and consequences (all but principle and self-preservation) at defiance. What were the leaders of the Revolution to do? Were they to suffer a renewal of the massacres of Ismael and Warsaw, by those tender preachers of morality, and the pugil sentimentalists that follow in their train, who think to crush men like worms and complain that they have trod on asps? They not only had these scenes fresh before their eyes, but they were in part the same identical persons who threatened to treat them with a second course of them. "Rather than so, come Fate into the lists and champion us to the outrage!"—seems to have been the motto of the Revolutionists and their reply. Were they not to anticipate the ignominious blow prepared for them by their insolent invaders? Or should they spare those who stood gaping by and beckoning others on to their banquet of blood? But the number of these last increased, and made it difficult to know where to strike. It was this very uncertainty that distracted and irritated the government; and in the multitude and concealment of their adversaries, hurried them forward to indiscriminate fury. What the Revolution wanted, and what Robespierre

did for it in these circumstances, was to give to the political machine the utmost possible *momentum* and energy of which it was capable; to stagger the presumption and pride of the Coalition by showing on the opposite side an equally inveterate and intense degree of determined hostility and ruthless vengeance; to out-face, to out-dare; to stand the brunt not only of all the violence but of all the cant, hypocrisy, obloquy, and prejudice with which they were assailed; to stamp on the Revolution a *practical* character; to wipe out the imputation of visionary and Utopian refinement, and consequent imbecility from all plans of reform; to prove that "brave Sansculotes were no triflers;" and to enlist all passions, all interests, all classes, and all the resources of the country in the one great object, the defence of the Republic. The decks were cleared as for a battle, all other considerations, scruples, objections, were thrown on one side; and the only question being to save the vessel of the state, it was saved. Under this impulse, the Revolution went on through all chances and changes, "like tumbler-pigeons making all sorts of summersaults and evolutions of figure," but never losing sight of its goal, and arriving safe at its place of destination. All feelings, all pretensions, all characters, levity, brutality, rage, envy, ambition, self-interest, generosity, refinement were melted down in the furnace of the Revolution, but all heightened the flame and swelled the torrent of patriotism. The blaze thus kindled threw its glare on all objects, so that the whole passed in a strange, supernatural light, that precluded the discrimination of motives or characters. Nor was it necessary to distinguish a nicety. The great point was to distinguish friends from foes, and for this purpose they were put to a speedy probation. Otherwise, it was not asked, whether a man wore a long beard or a short one, whether he carried an axe or a pike, no attention was paid to the *dramatis personæ* or to costume—but all to the conduct of the fable and to bringing about the catastrophe! Every state contains within itself the means of salvation, if it will look its danger in the face, and not shrink from the course actually necessary to save it. But to do this, it must rise to the magnitude of the occasion, above rules and appearances. France, baited, hunted down as she was, had but one resource left to retaliate on her aggressors, to throw aside all self-regards and all regards for *l'art*, and in order to escape from the toils spread around, to discard all obligations, and to cut asunder the very nerves of humanity. Few persons could be found to help her at this exigency so well as Robespierre. The Brissotins, who were fine gentlemen, would have been entangled in "the drapery of a moral imagination;" Robespierre, to give no hold to his adversary, fought the battle naked, and threw away both shame and fear. When it comes to the abstract choice between slavery or freedom, principles are of more importance than individuals; it is to be apprehended that an energy and pertinacity of character that would not have exceeded the occasion, would not have come up to it; and we see that when the dread of hostile invasion or domestic treachery no longer existed and tyrannised over the minds of men, the reign of terror ceased with the extreme causes that had provoked and alone rendered its continuance endurable.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

Life of Columbus. By WASHINGTON IRVING. 4 vols. 8vo. London. Murray, 1828.

We have not time this week to give a detailed account of this work, but we will say a few words concerning it, *en attendant* a more elaborate review in our next.

The book was ushered into the world with a set of puffing rumours as avant couriers to herald its approach. We are told of strange sums given for the copy-right; and of the peculiar fitness of a Life of the Discoverer of America being written by an American at Madrid. Now, we think it perfectly apparent that nothing that Mr. Washington Irving has yet given to the world is at all calculated to lead to the idea that he is particularly suited to the task of writing a grave and philosophical narrative. He is known as the author of a few agreeable sketches; some of them showing a great aptitude for dry style of humour, especially when exerted upon, what may be deemed, the antiquities of his province—most of them displaying much elegance of language, though blemished by strong marks of labour and

imitation, while a very large proportion of them (including almost the whole of his last work, the 'Tales of a Traveller') are remarkably feeble, vapid, and even inane. The whole of his literary characteristics may be summed up in gentleness, approaching to weakness—here and there, though rarely, a touch of pathos, with a very large dash of sentimentality—for the most part, a very considerable share of humour, though also of a quiet sort—and, above all, a constant and most nervous and fidgety dread of giving expression to anything which can possibly be construed into an opinion on any subject, moral, physical, diabolical, or divine.

The success which Mr. Irving met with on his first literary appearance in this country, was certainly exceedingly disproportionate with the judgment expressed above. But when Captain Cook brought Omai to England, he was the wonder of St. James's for the time, to the utter discomfiture of all the powdered lords, and epauletted colonels between Hyde Park Corner and Charing-cross. Now, even as lately as the year 1820, the date, we believe, of Mr. Irving's early celebrity, our fashionable people, with their usual erudition, conceived that an American might fight at sea; or grow tobacco, or cord bales, or talk in a strange *considerable* jargon, or leave his card without any Mr. before his name; but, as for his taking a Bramah pen into his hand, and placing a sheet of hot-pressed, wire-wove, gilt-edged paper before him, and writing thereon neat, nice, pretty, lady-like tales and essays, hashed up out of the materials of a memory stored with 'Goldsmith,' and 'Addison,' and 'the Mirror,' and the 'Adventurer,' and the 'Connoisseur,' *et hoc genus omne;** this indeed they looked upon to be as great a curiosity as the bonassus was then considered, or the camelopard now. The thing was *proné*, and it took: it was the rage of the day,—young ladies sighed forth sentimentally the romantic name, and their blue mammas asked its gentle owner to dinner. But such vogues, in proportion as they are intense are transitory. The fortune of another Mr. Irving has exemplified this doctrine still more strongly in both its branches. Bracebridge Hall shook his ascendancy,—the 'Tales of a Traveller' laid it in the dust. Whether or not the 'Life of Columbus' will restore it, remains yet to be seen.

This book has one great merit: it is written unaffectedly. The narrative moves smoothly along, with very few, and those very commonplace, reflections,—and gives the reader, certainly, very clear idea of what is passing, though the style cannot be said to rise to the merit of being graphic or picturesque. With reference to the style, one thing particularly surprised us, viz. the not frequent but occasional, positive slips of grammar which are to be found. Mr. Irving has always been noted for his scrupulous accuracy of composition; but, here we have verbs active used as verbs neuter; adjectives instead of adverbs; nominative cases and verbs of different numbers; and other errors of the same kind. This is, undoubtedly, only a subordinate matter; but still it ought to be looked to in a work of the pretensions of the present; and it is singularly in opposition to the particular reputation of the author.†

We shall give an extract or two from the first volume. We shall select parts of the accounts of behaviour of the gentle and amiable natives on the occasion of that discovery, which was the source of so much dreadful and unmerited mi-

* The best criticism we ever saw on Mr. Irving, was an allegation made upon the publication of Bracebridge Hall, that he 'never strayed for a moment beyond the forty-five volumes of the British Essayists.'

† There are also one or two typographical errors in the figures of the dates, which should have been especially avoided,—for instance, 1476 instead of 1486, vol. I. p. 100; and p. 200, note, 1803 instead of 1503; in the same note, Pope Alexander VII. is substituted for Alexander VI.

sery to them, and such fiendish guilt to the Europeans.

'On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives, who, having lost all dread of what at first appeared to be monsters of the deep, came swimming off to the ships; others came in light barks which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dexterously with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility, and bailing them with calabashes.*

'They shewed great eagerness to procure more of the toys and trinkets of the white men, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because every thing from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought with them from heaven. They even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abundance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds weight for the merest trifles. They brought also cakes of a kind of bread called cassava, which constituted a principal part of their food, and was afterwards an important article of provisions with the Spaniards. It was formed from a great root called yuca, which they cultivated in fields. This they cut into small morsels, which they grated or scraped, and strained in a press, making it into a broad thin cake, which afterwards dried hard would keep for a long time, and had to be steeped in water when eaten. It was insipid, but nourishing, though the water strained from it in the preparation was a deadly poison. There was another kind of yuca destitute of this poisonous quality, which was eaten in the root, either boiled or roasted.†

'The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, which some of the natives wore in their noses. These latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawk's bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the crown all trade for it, wherever it should be found in any quantity.

'He inquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south; and he understood them that in that quarter there was a king of great wealth, insomuch that he was served in great vessels of wrought gold. He understood also, that there was land to the south, the south-west, and the north-west; and that the people from the latter frequently proceeded to the south-west, in quest of gold and precious stones, and in their way made descents upon the islands, carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him the scars of wounds, which they informed him they had received in battles with these invaders. It is evident that a great part of this fancied intelligence was the mere construction of the hopes and wishes of Columbus; for he was under a spell of the imagination, which gave its own shapes and colours to every object. He was persuaded that he had arrived among those islands described by Marco Polo, as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese sea, and he construed every thing to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of as coming from the north-west, he concluded to be the people of the mainland of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveller, as accustomed to make war upon the islands, and to enslave their inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other than the famous island of Cipango; and the king who was served out of vessels of gold, must be the monarch whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

'The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called by the natives, Guanahanè. It still retains the name of St. Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the

* The calabashes of the Indians, which served the purposes of glass and earthenware, supplying them with all sorts of domestic utensils, were produced on stately trees of the size of elms.

† Acosta, Hist. Ind., l. iv., c. 17.

English, Cat Island.* The light which he had seen the evening previous to his making land, may have been on Watling's Island, which lies a few leagues to the east. San Salvador is one of the great cluster of the Gucayos, or Bahama Islands, which stretch south-east and north-west, from the coast of Florida to Hispaniola, covering the northern coast of Cuba.'

The following description of the conduct of the natives of Hispaniola, on the occasion of the wreck of the Admiral's ship, cannot but touch the heart most keenly, when we reflect how these excellent and exemplary people were subsequently required:

'The admiral and her men took refuge on board the caravel. Diego de Arana, chief judge of the armament, and Pedro Gutierrez, the king's butler, were immediately sent on shore as envoys to the cacique Guacanagari, to inform him of the intended visit of the admiral, and of his disastrous shipwreck. In the mean time, as a light wind had sprung up from shore, and the admiral was ignorant of his situation, and of the rocks and banks that might be lurking around him, he lay to until night.

'The habitation of the cacique was about a league and a-half from the wreck. When Guacanagari heard of the misfortune of his guest, he manifested the utmost affliction, and even shed tears. He immediately sent all his people, with all the canoes, large and small, that could be mustered; and so active were they in their assistance, that in a little while the vessel was unloaded. The cacique himself, and his brothers and relations, rendered all the aid in their power, both on sea and land; keeping vigilant guard that every thing should be conducted with order, and the property rescued from the wreck be preserved with inviolable fidelity. From time to time he sent some one of his family, or some principal person of his attendants, to console with the admiral, and to entreat him not to be distressed, for that every thing he possessed should be at his disposal.

'Never, in civilized country, were the vaunted rites of hospitality more scrupulously observed, than by this uncultured savage. All the effects landed from the ships were deposited near his dwelling; and an armed guard surrounded them all night, until houses could be prepared in which to store them. There seemed, however, even among the common people, no disposition to take advantage of the misfortune of the stranger. Although they beheld, what must in their eyes have been inestimable treasures, cast, as it were, upon their shores, and open to depredation, yet there was not the least attempt to pilfer, nor, in transporting the effects from the ships, had they appropriated the most trifling article. On the contrary, a general sympathy was visible in their countenances and actions; and to have witnessed their concern, one would have supposed the misfortune had happened to themselves.†

'So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people,' says Columbus in his journal, 'that I swear to your Majesties, there is not in the world a better nation, nor a better land. They love their neighbours as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.'‡

Here, for the time, we pause: Next week, we shall enter at full into this history of, undeniably, one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of our species.

Les Suédois à Prague, Episode de la Guerre de Trente Ans, traduit de Madame C. Pickler. Paris, 1828.

THE writer of this excellent novel is a lady enjoying a high literary reputation throughout all Germany, similar to that which Madame de Genlis possessed in France a quarter of a century ago.

The "Siege of Vienna" is her most celebrated production; and the present work, describing Germany suffering under the two-fold pressure of civil war and religious dissensions, is by no means of inferior merit. The Hero of the Tale is a Nephew of the Duke of Friedland, the celebrated Walderstein, whose adventurous life presents so many wonderful events, who vanquished Gustavus the Great, and at length fell by the hands of assassins.

* Some dispute having recently arisen as to the island on which Columbus first landed, the reader is referred for a discussion of this question to the illustration of this work, article 'First Landing of Columbus.'

† Hist. del Almirante, c. 32. Las Casas, lib. i., c. 9.

‡ Hist. del Almirante.

NOTICES OF ENGLISH BOOKS.

Letters to the Right Honourable the Earl of Darnley, on the State of Ireland, &c. &c. pp. 136. Ridgway, London, 1828.

This is a judicious and ably written pamphlet on the grievances of our sister island, and on their possible removal. Doctor Elmore has very clearly proved, by an abstract of what the greatest men have said on the subject, that no change can be wrought in the situation of Ireland while an obstinate adherence to the Penal Laws is persevered in. Tracing from the divided and harassed state of the country the evils its population is suffering, he has shown that the fashionable system of emigration is as false in its principles, as it is cruel in its application and consequences. The means of improvement pointed out in his well written letters are the only ones which humanity or good sense authorises the use of, and they are those which, if diligently employed in any country in the world, cannot fail of producing the prosperity and moral amelioration of the people. Let every semblance, as our author recommends, of religious intolerance be removed; let there be a free and well-managed distribution of national wealth; an encouragement given to the establishment of manufactures, and the exercise of industry; let an immediate alteration take place in the Grand Jury laws, a reformation of the public systems of education, and a total alteration in the general tone and spirit of the present theories of Irish politics, and it will not be long before it will no more seem necessary to transport a noble part of our fellow-subjects to foreign shores, nor to fortify our own, lest they should inundate us with their poverty.

Longinus; a Tragedy. By JACOB JONES, Esq. pp. 69. Hurst and Chance. London, 1828.

'*LONGINUS*,' like most other modern tragedies, has the fault of weakness and diffuseness. The writers of this species of the drama seem to have forgotten that it ought not to address the imagination but the passions, and that every attention to language and description which come not burning from the heart, destroy the legitimate purposes of the composition. Mr. Jones is not without dramatic talent, but he has in his present attempt failed in a proper management of his plot. He has attended to particular scenes and speeches, but has not disposed them so as to keep the interest strengthening by a proper development of the whole, and the catastrophe loses its power of affecting by being addressed to feelings unprepared for its approach. There is, however, on the whole, sufficient merit in '*Longinus*' to raise it above many other similar attempts. Some of the characters are well drawn, the language is occasionally powerful, and, in the scene between Asarta and her father, a true and genuine interest is excited.

Early Prose Romances, No. X. Fryer Bacon. Edited by W. J. THOMS. Pickering, London, 1828.

This tenth number of Mr. Thom's interesting series of early romances may be ranked with the best that have yet appeared. The traditional marvels of the old philosopher's life are highly curious, and besides the frequent exquisite humour to be found in the details of his doughty deeds, much interesting information may be gathered from them as to the state of the popular mind in those days of Aristotelian domination and witchcraft. Few sights could be imagined more striking than the vigorous-minded experimentalist surrounded either by the schoolmen or populace of his times, regarding him in actual communion with some unhallowed being.

National Evils and National Remedies: under the similitude of a Dream. By A TRADESMAN. London, 1828.

This is a political work under the garb of a dream. The author describes himself as being conveyed, during his siesta, to the planet Mars, where he enters into conversation with one of the natives, who in the course thereof, treats very freely of certain laws and measures, in reality established in this country, but spoken of as forming part of the constitution of that warlike planet. Thus, the existing state of the laws between debtor and creditor are discussed; as are likewise several portions of the Criminal Code, together with the Corn Law, which, in the opinion of the writer, 'is, and has been for the last twelve months, a direct tax of 125 per cent. on bread, meat, and every other necessary of human existence; as also the cause of the Funds losing 42 per cent. of their real value, the stagnation of trade and commerce, and the increase of stoppages, bankruptcies, imprisonments, and crimes of every description.'

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE.

Oh, thou who wert within these chambers laid,
Without a shroud, a column, or a stone;
Not with one blazonry of death array'd,
Thou sleep'st most tombless, trophyless alone.
I know it—when each soothing aid had flown,
And thou wert left unwatch'd, to weep or die,
Thy young heart bow'd itself without a groan,
Or ought of suffering; there were none to sigh,
Back o'er the ebbing breath, or clear the shadowing eye.
Did the dance sooth me, when thou went'st below,
Where many valiant, many loved sleep,
Water'd afresh by thy companion's woe,
Cast forth upon the unsympathising deep;
There, too, a revel unto those who keep
In it their dwellings; yea, no vision gave
Or dreams, a sign that I should vainly steep
My spirit in affliction, ere the wave
Wander'd at first above thine immemorial grave.
Where is thy sepulchre? the earth had not
Prepar'd her breast for thee; then time shall prove
Though it be vain to languish o'er thy lot,
Thy death hath fix'd and canonized my love.
To gather up thy ashes, had I strove,
It were a bootless labour, and still there,
Through that dark flood defenceless they must rove,
Shut from the sunshine of the golden sphere;
I cannot find thy tomb, thy epitaph is here.

THE SNOW-DROP.

FAIR little flower, thy pensive head
Hangs drooping o'er its snowy bed,
As if bowed down by woe:—
Say—dost thou weep
The wintry sleep?—
The winter soon will go.
Alas, poor trembling slender thing!—
Thy nurse should be the sunny spring,
And not the unsunned snow:
But there's relief
For all thy grief,
The winter soon will go.
The forest wears no clothing now,
There's not a bud upon the bough,
The streamlet cannot flow;
Though all is drear,
Spring-time is near,
And winter soon will go.

And then the sun's enlivening ray
Will chase the dreary snow away;
And winter being o'er,
The birds will sing
The song of spring—
Then I shall be no more.

I bloom upon the wintry snow,
A lesson to the child of woe;
At each rude blast I shake:—
I flourish here
Frail man to cheer,
I bend—but do not break.

In me the man of many woes
May see Hope's slender floweret blows
Upon the dreariest spot;—
Misfortune's blast
Will soon be past,
And soon, like me, forgot.

Remember, then, when brighter hours
Bedock thy path with pleasant flowers,
And all around is gay:
The snow-drop grew
To solace you
In bleak misfortune's day.

W. B.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

APOSTATES to their Sire's most glorious fame,
And traitors to their sacred native land;
Leagued with the tyrant and his hated band,
That sought to stain the pure and holy name
Of Rome's young freedom, and with sword and flame,
To spoil her citizens and fit the brand
Of slavery on them, with an angry hand.
The father doom'd his sons to death and shame;
Yet gentle feelings were within his heart,
Throbbing and strong; and to his burning eye
He felt the hot tear of affliction start;
For justice fought with Nature's agony,
And conquer'd; turning not his head aside,
He sat in sternness while his children died.

NOTICES OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

Oeuvres Poétiques de Madame Dufrénoy, précédées d'observations sur sa vie, Par M. A. Jay. Paris, 1828.

THESE delightful poems appeared for the first time in 1807, at a period when no intercourse existed between England and France; and consequently can be but little known to the English reader. The present edition has been carefully revised by Mr. Jay, and we believe that many new elegies have been introduced; more beautiful ideas and correct versification are not even to be met with in Tibullus, Gray, Cowper, or Parny. When these Poems were first published, Madame de Staél, alluding to the great merits of the writer, said, in the midst of a large assembly, "Et nous autres femmes, aussi nous avons notre Parny." We would recommend these poems to our fair readers as especially meriting their attention.

LE REGRET.

La raison et le temps ont adouci mes maux.
D'un sentiment trompé la sensible inquiétude
N'enlève plus mes nuits aux douceurs du repos,
Mes jours aux bienfaits de l'étude.
Mon ciel long temps chargé de nuage,
Plus calme, s'est levé vers un ciel sans nuage,
Des bois je ne suis plus le silence et l'ombrage;
Et sans chagrin je vois les fleurs
Se balancer sous le feuillage:
Mes amis à leurs soins touchans
Ne me trouvent plus insensible.
Semblable à ce ruisseau qui coule dans nos champs
Ainsi coule ma vie uniforme et paisible.
Cérendant quelquefois, sur le soir d'un beau jour,
Mon cœur se sent presse par la melancolie;
Je ne regrette plus l'amant qui m'a trahi;
Je regrette encore mon amour.

Les Contes du Gay, savoir Recueil de Chroniques, Ballades, Traditions, et Fabliaux, du Moyen Age. Publié par F. Langlé; imprimé en caractères Gothiques. Paris, 1828.

THIS is an extremely curious and clever production; it is a successful attempt to imitate the style and superstitions ideas of the writers of Chronicles and Ballads—almost the only popular literature of the middle ages. The author does not pretend, like the *Inventor of Osian's Poems*, that his are original; on the contrary, he professes to copy closely the writers of those days. The manners and customs of the middle age are minutely detailed; and the very expressions are, as to date, perfectly correct. 'The Bracconier' is a delightful little piece; and the 'Mont St. Michel' presents a faithful delineation of the usages of the Anglo-French Duchy of Normandy. The style of these minor poems is accordant with the grammar of the *Romane* language, without ceasing to be as intelligible as modern French. The following is a specimen of these charming little tales:

Le Gobelin,* pour s'égayer,
Volto aux lieux du fourrière,†
Et sous Phuys qu'on vient de dire,
Un passage sait se frayer.
Comme la coulonne il se glisse
Près de l'imprudente nourice,
Qui s'endort devant le foyer;
Puis prenant, d'une main fallace,
Le fils d'un berzer, il le place
Dans le berceau du fils d'un roi;
Voilà, dit-on, dans nos provinces,
D'où nous viennent les mauvais princes,
Et les bergers de bon aloï!

Traduction des Mémoires du Vénitien, J. Caranova de Scingalt, Extraits de ses Manuscrits Originaux. Publié par G. Schutz. Paris, 1828.

THE history of this celebrated adventurer, written by himself, is highly entertaining. Seven volumes have already appeared. Three others will be published the latter end of this month, and will contain, 'The Mission of Caranova in Holland,' where, although disgraced at court, and very poor, he negotiated a loan of twenty millions of francs for the French Government; his adventures among the Dutch, his return to Paris, the description of the Court of Wurtemberg, the flight from Stuttgart, his pilgrimage, his residence with Haile and at Ferney, his romantic amours with a Portuguese Princess, his connexion with the celebrated impostor Count St. Germain, a description of the Court of Russia under Catherine II., of that of Poland under Stanislaus Poniatowsky, and his imprisonment in and liberation from the prison of Buen-Retiro.

* Gobelin—an Imp.

† Fourlo—Will-with-a-wisp.

PICTURES OF SOCIETY—DRAWN FROM LIFE,
BY A NOBLEMAN.No. III.—*A Day in Stockholm.*

'Un titre qui souvent fait la gloire, poursuit dans l'adversité pour éclairer l'infortune.'

A PARAGRAPH recently appeared in the 'Times,' and was copied into some other papers, mentioning that Colonel Gustavus, formerly Gustavus IV., * the ex-king of Sweden, was in such indigent circumstances as to be obliged to sell his portmanteau at Basle, in order to procure the means of subsistence. After this statement, the writer of the paragraph makes an appeal to the compassion of the Allied Sovereigns, and implores them to relieve the distress of the successor of Gustavus Vasa, and Gustavus Adolphus, whose legitimacy must of course be a powerful recommendation to the apostles of the Holy Alliance †.

It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion on this subject, which, though the fact, and the evidence on which it rests, might be briefly stated, would nevertheless lead me beyond the limits prescribed for this article. I, like the prudent skater, must glide along without resting. We live in an age marked by great events and striking contrasts. The strange scenes represented in the world, alternately excite alarm and pity; but we must leave the hired righters of wrongs to restore the equilibrium of the political balancee, which, by the drollery of its see-saw jolting, sometimes compensates for its more violent and terrific movements.

About the end of the year 1800, when I was at Stockholm, I breakfasted one morning with the Duke de Pienne,‡ Colonel of the Royal Swedish regiment which he had just then raised in Scania. The Count de Fersen,§ whose agreeable person, elegant manners, and good fortune, rendered him a great favourite at the French court, came to take us to Drotningholm, the Queen's palace, where the young King was to appear as a knight in a tournament, which was to be held in honour of his birth-day, and which had been announced for several months previously at all the northern courts. The Queen, one of the most beautiful women of her age, was, in the presence of the assembled court, to crown the victor, and to present him with a scarf embroidered with her own hands. In short every thing had been arranged

* He succeeded his father, Gustavus III., on the 29th of March, 1792.

† In 1815, Gustavus Adolphus, who then bore the title of Duke of Holstein, transmitted to the Congress of Vienna a declaration relative to his claims to the throne of Sweden. His declaration was presented to the Congress by Sir Sidney Smith, whom Gustavus chose as his envoy, on account of his having been an officer in the Swedish navy, and a knight of the order of the Sword. It set forth that the King had been dethroned through the influence of Buonaparte, with whom he had refused to maintain any relation, particularly after the murder of the Duke d'Engaen; that the Swedish nation, in excluding him from the throne, had merely yielded to a political necessity, and to the threats of certain great powers; that when he signed the Act of Abdication he was a prisoner, but that he had, notwithstanding, refused to renounce the claims of his son; that he hoped the prince, on attaining his majority, would declare himself in a manner worthy of his illustrious ancestors and the Swedish nation; and that, finally, he did not demand the throne for himself.

‡ Now Duke d'Aumont, first Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the King of France.

§ Count Alexandre de Fersen obtained the command of the Royal Swedish regiment in France. He distinguished himself for his attachment to the Royal family, and actually drove the coach in which they proceeded from Paris to Varènes. He escaped the storms of the Revolution, but he perished in the ferment which arose in Stockholm in 1810. While he was attending the funeral procession of Prince Charles d'Augustenburg, he was attacked by the infuriated populace, and absolutely stoned to death.

for rendering this fête as brilliant as those which were once given by Louis XIV., and which excited admiration throughout Europe. Gustavus IV. was passionately fond of these warlike sports, and they doubtless contributed to maintain in Sweden that traditional valour, and that elegance and courtesy of manner of which Gustavus III. was so perfect a model.

We called for the Count de Parr, who, in his office of Gentleman of the Chamber, was attending the rehearsal of a new ballet which was to be represented at the opera in the evening, when the tournament was over, in the presence of the King. When we reached the Opera-House, that magnificent temple of the arts, raised by Gustavus III.. the Count, who was not quite ready, begged that we would wait a few moments for him, and we were conducted to the saloon adjoining the King's box, where a collation was prepared for us. 'It is here,' said Count de Fersen, 'that the King sups when he visits the theatre. This was also the favourite apartment of his father, who furnished it thus elegantly; and here he was wont to lay aside the character of the sovereign, and to level himself to an equality with his friends.'—'But why,' I inquired, 'is that crimson-velvet sofa disfigured with those spots of ink, left here amidst all this splendour of silk hangings, and gold, and alabaster?'—'Your question is natural enough,' replied the Count, 'and your surprise will be the greater when I inform you, that what you mistake for ink, is actually the blood of the late King. When he was shot at the masquerade by Ankarstroem, on the night of the 16th of March, 1792, he was laid on that sofa, and the blood, which flowed copiously from his wound, stained the velvet in the manner you perceive. It would, of course, have been easy to have removed every trace of the horrible event from a place devoted to pleasure; but the King, for what reason no one can tell, insisted on the sofa remaining here; and we have now been so long in the daily habit of seeing it, that it has ceased to excite any painful recollections.'

The Count was about to enter into some details relative to the sad event which deprived Sweden of a Monarch no less distinguished for his accomplishments than his courage; for having received on the fatal day an anonymous letter, hinting at the danger which awaited him, he disregarded the warning, and fell a victim to his imprudent confidence. But the Count de Parr now joined us, and in a few moments we set out for the Queen's palace which was about four leagues from Stockholm.

The road leading thither, like all those in the vicinity of the Capital, is in excellent condition, and the numbers of carriages proceeding to Drotningholm, gave an agreeable diversity to the picturesque scenery of the country.

From an early hour in the morning, an immense crowd besieged the avenues leading to the palace; but among this multitude of pedestrians, horsemen and carriages, the most perfect decorum prevailed, and as soon as the doors were thrown open, all ranged themselves in proper order without confusion, and without any of that tumultuous shouting by which an Italian mob evinces its gratitude for the attention bestowed on its amusements. Two huzzars of the guard, and one of the King's esquires, were in waiting to receive the Count de Fersen, who was to superintend the festival. On alighting from the carriage, we mounted horses which were in readiness for us, and we accompanied the Count through the magnificent gardens of the palace, which he said resembled Versailles, and seemed to restore the existence of times and things which lived only in his memory. At a little distance from the palace, there was a pretty valley, surrounded by thickly wooded hillocks. This was the spot set aside for the sports of the day, and round it, galleries had been constructed capable of accommodating three thousand spectators. These places were reserved for the persons invited by the King. The ladies

were most elegantly dressed, and the gentlemen wore either uniforms or court dresses; the latter consisting merely of a cloak of black silk lined with flame-coloured satin, worn over a coat of the usual kind. The galleries were decorated with Swedish flags. A pavilion, fitted up for the Queen and the ladies of her suite, was ornamented with arms, garlands of flowers, and banners, fancifully grouped together by the elegant taste of Dupré, the King's architect, who was then the most celebrated artist for decorations in Europe.

At certain intervals columns were erected, some serving as marks for riding the ring, and others supporting Moors' heads, which were to be struck off by the lances of the knights. The competitors for the prize, after riding several times round the lists, were stationed at the different barriers, under the guard of an esquire. The young Baron Rotzen, who was an intimate friend of the Duke de Pienne, joined us as soon as we had taken our places, and he told us all the particulars of the festival, with the arrangements of which he was perfectly acquainted, having been one of the King's party at the last carousal. He began by explaining the devices and emblems on the banners of the different knights, some of which were exceedingly ingenious. 'That young man,' said he, 'is the aide-de-camp and the favourite of the Duke of Sudermania, the King's uncle,* and he is one of the cleverest men about the court. In this manner he gave me a brief history of all the courtiers, and all the *on dit* that were circulated about the ladies.'

'Whose,' inquired I, 'is that black embroidered banner, which is neither guarded nor carried by a page?'—'How,' said he, 'is it possible that you have not heard or read in the German newspapers, that shortly after this tournament was announced, a knight, who wished to remain unknown, challenged to single combat any Swedish knight who should be bold enough to compete with him for the prize, which, as you know, is a scarf embroidered by the Queen. At the appointed time he threw down his gauntlet, and planted his banner where you see it. His shield is also there; it has a sky-blue ground bespangled with stars, with this device, *Fratante una*.' But the strangest circumstance of all is, that it is his intention to fight with the battle-axe, a weapon which has long since been out of use.'

'Is it not possible,' said I, 'that this challenge is a mere joke, merely only for augmenting the interest of the fête; for surely such a combat would never be permitted in a country where duelling is punished with death. A King, who is the first Magistrate of his subjects, would never tolerate such a violation of the laws.'—'Be that as it may,' replied the Baron, 'the fact is as I have stated it, and the result will soon be seen. I assure you, the most extraordinary reports are circulated respecting this unknown Don Quixote; but the most accredited story is this: The young man, who, in spite of his incognito, is ascertained to be the English Lord ——, saw the Queen at her father's Court, when she was only the Princess Dorothée Wilhelmine of Baden. He became passionately enamoured of her, and had reason to hope that he was beloved. On this subject a long tale of romance is related; but, without entering into particulars, it is sufficient to inform you, that the lover's suit might have been approved, and his hand accepted, had it not been that one of the sisters of the Princess had become Empress of Russia, and the other the consort of Maximilian of Bavaria. Policy, therefore, made Dorothée Queen of Sweden. The young Englishman, still cherishing his romantic passion, has

* The Duke of Sudermania was tutor to the young Prince, until he attained his majority. When Gustavus IV. was dethroned, he was elected King of Sweden, by the title of Charles XIII., on the 3d of June 1809; and on the 21st of August 1811, he adopted, as his son, General Bernadotte, whom the States proclaimed Prince Royal.

several times visited Sweden, and introduced himself at Court, under various disguises, but he been discovered by the Queen's women, and has been banished as the reward of his adventurous spirit. It is said that he was on the point of embarking for America; but that, hearing of this tournament, he determined to seize this last opportunity of visiting Stockholm, and he has accordingly come here to conquer, or die, in her Majesty's presence. Some, indeed, go so far as to insinuate, that, knowing as he does the chivalrous spirit of our sovereign, he cherished the hope that his challenge would have been accepted by a royal champion, and that he might thus have had a chance of making a widow of her, who won his heart before she became a wife. However, the son of Field-Marshal Corstenson is, on this occasion, to be the champion of Swedish honour. For the last three months he has been practising himself in the use of the battle-axe, in which he has attained prodigious skill. That is he on horseback, followed by his page, who carries the gauntlet. If courage, strength, and skill afford any guarantee of success, none have a better chance than my young friend; and if the prayers of beauty have any power to defend him in the combat, the sincerest and the tenderest that were ever breathed are his shield and talisman. His device is—*Ben ama quien nunca ovida.* He was going to tell me the reason why this motto had been chosen, when he was interrupted by the arrival of her Majesty, who immediately became the object of general attention. The exquisite grace and dignity of her deportment would have betrayed the Queen under the homeliest garb that could have been worn. But on this occasion, the charms of youth and beauty were heightened by all that art, aided by the most refined taste, could suggest. Her beautiful hair was adorned by a diadem of pearls, and her white satin dress, which was richly adorned with pearls, was made in the fashion of the ages of chivalry.

Though the Swedish ladies are remarkable for their personal attractions, she was distinguished in the brilliant circle no less for her beauty than for her exalted rank. The Queen and her ladies were soon seated, and the King at the head of the knights, who were selected from the flower of Swedish nobility, entered the lists, and as he rode round saluted the ladies, who respectfully rose as he passed by them.

Gustavus IV., who was then a very young man, had a noble and gallant bearing, and his features somewhat resembled those of Charles XII.. He wore a Spanish dress of a simple and elegant description. As he passed before us, his horse reared and nearly threw him. 'That animal will play him some mischievous trick,' said the Baron, 'and I cannot think why he perseveres in mounting him. That is the same horse which he rode at Upsall at the time of his coronation, and he was then very nearly killed. The groom who had the care of him rode him out every day, and used to stop at the shop of a shoemaker, whose wife admired the noble animal, and regularly gave him some bread. When Gustavus IV. was proceeding, with the crown upon his head and the sceptre in his hand, to the Archbishop's palace, where he was to be anointed, his horse obstinately refused to pass the shop until he received his usual ration from the shoemaker's wife. The King, not knowing what ailed him, spurred him rather smartly, upon which he suddenly reared, and the crown and sceptre of Sweden fell to the ground. Had it not been for my brother, who, as a page of the chamber, walked by the side of the King, and, on perceiving the accident, held him firmly by the boot, his Majesty would have followed the royal insignia, and would thus have commenced his reign under rather sinister auspices.'—The knights having finished their evolutions, which were performed to the accompaniment of military music played by all the bands of the Guards, a herald advanced to the centre of the lists to proclaim the opening of the tourna-

ment; but he added, that 'in the King's name it was strictly forbidden, that any Swedish subject, or any foreigner whatsoever, should give or accept challenge to combat of any kind. That the idea of converting a place destined for trials of skill into a scene of bloodshed in the presence of the Queen, had excited his Majesty's displeasure, and that a violation of his orders would be regarded as an offence of the most serious nature.'

This address was received by unanimous shouts of approbation, and the banner of the unknown champion was, by the King's command, carried out of the lists. Gustavus now rode up to the young Count Corstenson, and taking his hand, said to him aloud, 'I approve your courage, and thank you for the readiness you have evinced to employ it in the defence of Swedish honour. But it must be reserved for a more worthy occasion.' 'Ah!' whispered the Duke de Pienne, who was at that time in high favour with Gustavus, 'he has all the good sense and all the fine feeling of his father, and with those qualities he combines singular firmness of character. Of that he gave a convincing proof, in his last journey to St. Petersburg, when he resisted all the arts of the Empress Catharine, and broke off the marriage into which she wished to force him with the grand daughter of Alexander Panlowna.

Riding the ring and the other sports of the tournament, were kept up for several hours without interruption, and the knights vied with each other in skill, elegance and grace.

At first the King bade fair to be the conqueror of the day, but he was outstript by Count Piper, who finally triumphed over all his competitors. Gustavus conducted him to the feet of the Queen, who presented him with the scarf, and permitted him to kiss the fair hand that wrought it. The banner of the hero was then placed in an antique car, drawn by two beautiful milk white reindeer, of the height of young stags, and so perfectly well trained that they were driven by a child. Count Fersen had brought these beautiful animals from his estate in Lapland, as a present to the King, and their elegance and docility formed a novel feature in the interesting scene.

The victorious knight had the honour to conduct the Queen back to the palace. The other knights led the ladies of the Court, and the retinue, following the triumphal car, repaired to the banqueting-hall, where tables were spread with every delicacy that the most luxurious taste could desire. At the Queen's table were seated Count Piper and all the foreigners of distinction, who had attended the fete. The King presided at the table assigned to the knights of the tournament; and the officers of the Crown did the honours of the others. In the delicious gardens of the palace, refreshments were served out to the people, among whom all the social gaiety of a family party prevailed. I was seated at Count Sheffer's table, between the Duke de Pienne, and Chevalier d'Hermansen,* and in this situation I had the opportunity of hearing many interesting anecdotes, which the Chevalier related of Gustavus III., whom, as Gentleman of the Chamber, he accompanied to Italy and France. Towards the conclusion of the banquet, a party of scalds, in the picturesque costume of the Scandinavian bards, sang some songs accompanied by the harp. M. d'Hermansen explained to me the meaning of some of the verses that were sung, which appeared to be full of imagination and energy. The singers made frequent allusion to the triumphant knight, and when the songs were ended, a young girl presented him with a crown of oak-leaves. Soon after this the Queen rose from table, and the company left Drotningholm, and proceeded to the Opera.

* The Chevalier d'Hermansen was attached to the Court of Gustavus, and afterwards to that of the Grand Duke of Baden, who appointed him his Minister to Paris. He is frequently mentioned in terms of praise, by Madame de Genlis, in her Memoirs.

Here the whole Court had assembled before eight o'clock, and the orchestra was only waiting for the arrival of their Majesties, to commence the overture to *Gustavus Vasa*, which was to be performed that evening for the first time.

The Opera-House, which was of a most elegant construction, was lighted by a profusion of wax candles, and the Royal box was decorated with rich and tasteful draperies. On their entrance, their Majesties were greeted with a unanimous and heart-felt burst of applause, which was repeated throughout the evening at all those passages in the opera which were calculated to rouse Swedish loyalty. The King and Queen appeared to be touched by these marks of attachment, and several times rose to return the salutations of the audience, whose enthusiasm was then unbounded. The opera was exceedingly well performed. The music was by Piccini, and the text was attributed to the late King, who, besides possessing in a remarkable degree the power of expressing himself in speech with elegance and precision, was also a writer of considerable talent. The scenes were painted by Dupré. One, representing the interior of a mine in Dalecarlia, was uncommonly fine. The performance closed with an appropriate ballet; and this terminated one of the happiest days of the few which fate ordained to Gustavus Adolphus.

A short time after this, Gustavus went to Carlsruhe on a visit to his father-in-law. He arrived there on the 15th of March, 1804, at which time a French detachment violated the territory of Baden for the purpose of dragging the Duke d'Enghien from his quiet retreat, and delivering him up to Buonaparte. The King immediately sent off one of his aid-de-camps, with instructions to use every effort to save the life of the unfortunate Prince; but he had been sacrificed before the messenger reached his destination. When the event became known, the King indignantly ordered his Ambassador to quit Paris, and he sent back the order of the Black Eagle, which the King of Prussia had presented to Buonaparte, as well as to him, alleging that he could not be the brother in arms of the murderer of the Duke d'Enghien.

At the fete above described, Gustavus proved himself a gay and gallant Prince, imitating the example of his father, whose Court was accounted the most brilliant in Europe. On another occasion, he acted the part of a faithful and consistent sovereign; also adopting as his model Gustavus III., who was the first to take up arms against the principles and the excesses of the French Revolution. If these were follies, they were noble follies; and such as could emanate only from a generous mind. But a career which exhibited so many passages of brilliant singularity, naturally became the object of envy and enmity. However, the lustre which was diffused over his reign presents a striking contrast to the anecdote of the sale of the portmanteau; and how painful is it to compare the condition of a monarch dispensing favours from a throne resplendent with the glory of his ancestors, with that of the wanderer, of whom we say in the words of the author of 'Atala':

'Demande-t-il l'hospitalité sur la route ? Il frappe, et l'on n'ouvre point : il n'a pour appuyer ses membres fatigués que la colonne du chemin public, et on lui dit que même ce lieu de repos pour le forcer à marcher vers de nouveaux déserts.*'

ORIGINAL BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

EVERY reader of the bible must have observed the frequent recurrence of the number *forty* in the text, and this, too, in cases where no natural reason appears for preferring that number to another. Thus, at the flood, the rain fell on the earth forty days, and when the waters were abating, Noah opened the window of the ark after

* 'Does he seek hospitality on his way ? He knocks, but no door is opened : he has no resting-place save the stone on the road side : but even that is denied him, and he is driven to other deserts.'

forty days; Moses was in the mount forty days without eating or drinking; Elijah travelled forty days from Beersheba to Mount Horeb; Jonah prophesied that Nineveh should be destroyed in forty days; our Saviour was tempted forty days in the wilderness, and appeared on earth forty days after the resurrection; the Israelites lived forty years in the wilderness; Ezekiel prophesied that Egypt should be desolated for forty years, &c.

Now, it is a curious fact, that the modern Arabs, Persians, and Turks, employ the word *forty* to express *an indefinite number*, in a manner analogous to the use of the terms *a dozen* or *a score* with us, in familiar conversation, but with still greater laxity. This peculiarity in the mode of speaking among the Eastern nations has been noticed by several writers. Lebrun, after describing the ruins of Darius's palace at Persepolis, informs us that its modern name is *Chelminar*, which signifies 'forty pillars,' although the number of pillars standing is only 19. The name, he thinks, has been given to it at a time when there were no greater number existing than at present. Some travellers, he informs us, misled by the name, have supposed that there were 40 at first; but this is a gross error, as it is ascertained, from the remains of pedestals and other marks, that the original number was 206. This free use of the numerical term *forty*, he remarks, is common in Persia; as shown again in the modern palaces of Isphahan, which has the same name of 'forty pillars,' though the number of pillars does not exactly correspond. (*Voyage*, tom i. p. 279. Amst. 1718.) Chardin describes Erivan as standing between two rivers, one of which has an *Armenian* name which signifies *forty springs*. (*Abregé de l' Hist. Général. de Voyages*, tom. 27, p. 195.) There is a rivulet in the Troad, which has been the subject of much controversy, and has been described by Chevalier, Clarke, Dallaway, Foster, and others; it bears the Turkish name of Kirke Jos, or 'forty springs,' though it has only sixteen or eighteen. Mr. Alexander, in his *Travels*, newly published, mentions a Turkish town named Girke Kalissa, or 'forty churches,' (p. 246.) A torrent in Laconia has the name of Saranta Potamo, or 'forty rivers;' and a church near Crissa has the name of 'forty saints.' (Dodwell's *Travels in Greece*, i. 158, ii. 416.) I am sure I have met with, in the course of my reading, eight or ten other instances of names of towns, rivers, or objects in the East, of which the term *forty* was a component part, though at this moment I cannot refer to the authors. I shall only observe, therefore, that as this mode of expression prevails among the Turks, we may be certain that it exists among the Arabs, from whom the Turks have borrowed all their learning as well as their religion. The story of Ali Baba and the *Forty Thieves* will immediately occur to the reader's memory, in which, though the details are accommodated to the number 40, (perhaps by the French translator,) the result has no dependence upon that arbitrary number, but would have been equally suitable with any other. It is remarked by some traveller, I think by Dr. Clarke, that the number 1001 is used by the Arabs with the same latitude; that a palace, for instance, is said to have 1001 doors, or 1001 windows, when its doors or windows are very numerous, though they do not perhaps in reality exceed a hundred. Precision of ideas is, in fact, the characteristic of *occidental* understandings, and hyperbole and metaphor are so embodied with the forms of speech of the Eastern nations, that they infect even their numerical statements.

The Turks I consider as the mere copyists of the Arabians; but if the latter, with the Persians and Armenians, employ this mode of expression, is it not probable that they have derived it from one common source in very ancient times? The Hebrew, it is well known, is a sister dialect of the Arabic, and from this circumstance, as well as from frequency of intercourse, the Jews and Arabs must have had many idioms and forms of

speech in common. Is it not probable, then, that the term alluded to may sometimes have the same value in the Hebrew Scriptures as among the modern Arabs, Turks, and Persians?

To render the argument perfectly conclusive, it would be necessary to trace up the practice alluded to to more ancient times. Perhaps materials might be found in D'Herbelot to throw some light on the subject, but I have not time to search that writer's bulky compilation.

What led me to form this conjecture, was a note attached in Stackhouse to the History of Elijah.—The Scriptures state, that the prophet, in obedience to divine command, travelled *forty days and forty nights* from Beersheba to Mount Horeb, without tasting food upon the journey. The addition of 'forty nights' in the phrase, is merely the Hebrew mode of expressing complete natural days of twenty-four hours. In the note, which is taken from Patrick and Calmet, it is observed that there is a difficulty in conceiving how so much time could be spent upon the journey, the distance being only about 150 miles—that is, at the most, six or eight day's travelling instead of forty. I happened to read this when the idiomatic use of the number forty by the modern Arabs and Persians was fresh in my recollection, and it immediately occurred to me, that I had here a solution of the difficulty. We have but to suppose that the term sometimes denotes an indefinite number; and in this case the English word 'many' might be very properly employed to express the sense. It was in this manner the idea I have thrown out occurred to me; and the conclusion to which it led was considerably strengthened in my mind, when I reflected on the marked frequency with which the term *forty* is used in the Scriptures, and in cases where we can see no reason for the preference of that number to another. The number seven having a reference to the days in which the work of creation was completed, and to the days in the week, we easily discover why the seventh year and the forty-ninth year were celebrated with certain observances, and why 'weeks of years' were typically employed by the Prophet; but the number forty has no such circumstance in its favour. May we not ask, then, why the rain should fall upon the earth exactly forty days at the flood, though the waters increased for 150 days? Nay, I put it to commentators to say, whether the rain which, in Genesis, chap. 7, v. 12, is said to have fallen forty days, does not appear, from chap. 8, v. 2, to have continued during the whole period of the increase, 150 days? In the same way, I may ask why Noah should wait exactly forty days after the tops of the mountains were seen, before he opened the window of the ark? Further, I may ask why Moses should remain exactly forty days on Sinai?—why Elijah should spend forty days in travelling to the same mountain, when six or eight would have sufficed?—and why Jonah, contrary to the usual practice of the prophets, should fix so precise and short a period for the accomplishment of the destruction of Nineveh? In these, and probably in other cases, I submit whether some difficulties would not be removed, if we were to consider the term *forty* as equivalent to the English word 'many.'

In making these remarks, nothing is farther from my thoughts than to do anything to weaken or impair the authority of the Scriptures. I have no doubt that the term, *forty*, is used in cases where it is to be literally construed; but we know that light has been thrown on the text of the Bible, in a thousand instances, from the examination of oriental customs and oriental idioms; and that, in fact, great additions have been made, from this source, to the evidence we possess of the genuineness of the inspired volume. I am not a theologian, nor learned in biblical criticism, and do not, therefore, speak with confidence; I merely throw out hints and suggestions, which I submit, with all due humility, to the judgment of those who are better informed.

FAUST, HELEN OF TROY, AND LORD BYRON.

THIS strange association is the work of the magic rod of Göethe. The first two of the three are exhibited as real persons, the last is dimly and figuratively shadowed forth; and for his being one of the company we have to rely, not on the evidence of our own senses, but on what other persons tell us is the meaning of Göethe—an undertaking which is none of the easiest, and which is not always satisfactorily performed. We shall, however, endeavour to explain the matter as well as the scattered hints of the foreign journals which have come in our way, afford us the means of so doing.

The fact then is, that Göethe has introduced into a neat edition of his works, now publishing in Germany, an addition to his dramatic poem of *Faust*. That singular work commenced with a small fragment, published, we believe, nearly forty years ago, for we have the eighth edition printed at Leipsick, in 1790. It has since received different augmentations, and seems destined, if ever it be brought to a close—an event which does not appear very probable, to consist of a number of detached pieces, connected at last by such links as opportunity or caprice may induce the powerful but desultory mind of the author, to frame in his intellectual forge. But before going further, it will be proper to insert here the following notice given by Göethe himself, in the sixth volume of his periodical work '*Ueber Kunst und Alterthum*.'

* *Helena, an Interlude for Faust.*

'The elevated idea of the character of *Faust*, which modern civilization has formed out of the rude materials of the old popular legends, is that of a man who, finding only disappointment and vexation within the ordinary limits of mortality, regards the possession of the greatest knowledge, the enjoyment of all the good things of this world, quite insufficient to satisfy his boundless aspirations,—of a restless spirit, seeking happiness in all directions, and always returning from every fresh pursuit more unhappy than before.'

'This idea is so agreeable to modern feelings, that several able writers have been induced to undertake the solution of the problem which such a character presents. The manner in which I have proceeded in this task has obtained approbation. Eminent men have examined my plan, and made comments on my text, for which they are entitled to my grateful acknowledgment. It is, however, surprising, that those who undertook to continue and complete my fragment, never made the very obvious reflection, that, in the execution of a second part, it would be necessary to remove such a hero from the former paltry scene of action into a higher sphere, and to surround him with circumstances and relations of a more dignified order.'

'The plan I had adopted remained in privacy before me, occasionally inciting me to its further prosecution; and thus has my secret been carefully guarded in the constant hope of being able to bring the work to a satisfactory conclusion. Reserve, however, must now be laid aside. On the publication of a complete collection of my works, it seems improper to maintain secrecy on this subject any longer; on the contrary, I rather feel myself bound to submit all the produce of my labours, though it should be by fragments, to the public.'

'I have, therefore, resolved to communicate, in the new edition of my works, under the title of '*Helena*', an interlude, which is intended to be incorporated in the second part of the '*Faust*', but which is, in itself, a complete little drama; and though the bridge which must cover the great chasm between the melancholy conclusion of the first part, and the entrance of a Grecian heroine, is yet to be constructed, it is hoped that this forecaste of a subordinate piece will not prove unacceptable.'

'The old legend expressly says, and the puppet-show does not fail to give a representation of the scene, that *Faust*, in one of the freaks of his imperious arrogance, demanded from Mephistopheles the possession of the beautiful Helen of Greece, and that the latter, after some resistance, complied. The treating of so important a point was a duty not to be neglected, and how that duty has been discharged must be collected from the interlude itself. The proximate cause, however, of the handling of this part of the subject, and the manner in which the necromantic agent succeeded, notwithstanding numerous obstacles, in recalling the real

Helen out of Orcus into life, are circumstances still unexplained. To concede that the real Helen may appear in the tragic Cothourus before the mansion she once inhabited in Sparta, will, for the present, suffice. This being granted, attention may be called to the behaviour and address of Faust in wooing and winning the far famed beauty of the ancient world.

From the above extract, the reader will perceive that no connexion is established between this interlude and the first part of Goethe's work, which terminates with that deeply interesting and pathetic scene in which Faust, aided by Mephistopheles, endeavours to rescue his unfortunate victim, Margaret, from prison, and which appears to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the fine passage in the Heart of Midlothian, where the seducer of Effie Deans endeavours to procure her escape from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The pens of the German critics have all been set in motion by this publication. Many a hundred sheets, elaborately filled with their sentiments, are expended in debating a question which affords ample room for difference of opinion:—namely, what is the predominant idea of Goethe in Faust—what does he mean to inculcate? This, perhaps, Goethe himself would find it difficult to answer, and his admirers and expounders are constantly attributing to him plans and views of which he never entertained an idea, but the discussion of which contributes to the maintenance of his fame among his countrymen. Thus we find obscurity has its advantage. One writer supposes that Goethe will make Mephistopheles, after clothing the spirit of Helen in its former carnal dress, administer to the Grecian heroine a philtre, which will revive only such recollections as may be suitable to the occasion, which will recall to her imagination the circumstances of her return from Troy, but no subsequent events. Such is one of the methods by which it is presumed Goethe may try to give something like connexion and consistency to this extravagant fable.

Be this as it may, his Helen makes her appearance attended by a chorus of virgins. Menelaus, who, after the fall of Troy, had just reconducted her to Sparta, sends her before him to their palace. On arriving there she meets a female, whose disagreeable and repulsive air produces an extraordinary impression on the Queen. This hag, whom Helen at first believes to be the house-keeper, is Phorcys one of the monstrous progeny it would seem of Phorcys, the parent of the Gorgons. Beauty flies from deformity, and Helen quickly retreats from the house to regain the chorus which remained outside. Phorcys predicts a dreadful vengeance to be inflicted by Menelaus on Helen and the chorus. Thus threatened, Helen and her attendants seek the protection of a prince who is supposed to have established himself in the neighbourhood, while Menelaus was engaged in the siege of Troy, and who is the possessor of a strong castle defended by a brave and numerous garrison. This chieftain proves to be Faust, who appears in the costume of a knight of the middle ages, surrounded by a cluster of graceful youths. In the hall of reception there is a throne, embellished with the ornaments described in books of romance. Faust salutes Helen with chivalric gallantry, and invites her to take a seat with him on his throne. Phorcys or Mephistophiles, in the character of the witch of Thessaly, watches what is passing, and makes comments on the scene on the throne, with that spirit of irony and sarcasm which is so marked a feature in the first part of Goethe's extraordinary work. The beauty of antiquity soon yields to the personal attractions of Faust and the power of modern enchantments. A considerable period being supposed to have elapsed, we find the scene changed to a beautiful country, and Faust and Helen in a romantic grotto. The chorus, lying sleeping in the adjoining shade, is awakened by Phorcys, and informed that Helen has given birth to a son. This offspring of so singular a union is soon exhibited to us

under the name of Euphorion, in the flower of youth, distinguished by the highest personal graces and intellectual qualities. Faust addressing Helen, exults in the rapid development of the parental natures in the lovely child of whom, whether,

He to the race of gods or men belong,
Must be a question left for future song.

This wonderful youth, full of life and spirit, is always ready for high deeds and enterprises. He would soar above this earth, and in his wild daring casts himself into the atmosphere; but after being for a short time supported by his drapery, a meteoric flash strikes his radiant head and he falls to the ground. He thus appeals to Helen,—‘Leave me not, oh mother, to wander alone in the gloomy empire of Orcus.’ The chorus deplores the death of the unfortunate youth. Helen, who has fallen into Faust's arms, disappears. The leader of the chorus follows her to the shades; the other female figures that composed it, having had only a temporary lease of their corporeal forms, also vanish into air. The curtain falls, and Phorcys, rising erect and gigantic in the proscenium, is found, as has already been hinted, to be Mephistopheles. Such is the account which we are at present enabled to give of this curious drama; and as we have had only opportunity for a very brief glance, the account must be admitted to be imperfect.

The reader will now doubtless ask, what connexion this story has with Lord Byron? Ostensibly, none. But it appears that in Germany, Euphorion is understood to represent Lord Byron. It is to him, as the last hero of romantic poetry, the lament of the chorus on the death of Euphorion is dedicated, and it is alleged that the whole drama is intended by Goethe to typify the connexion between ancient and modern ideas, and more particularly the passage from classical to romantic literature. What degree of truth there may be in these suppositions, we do not pretend to determine. With regard to the work itself, in spite of the extravagance of the plan, and occasional offences against decorum and good taste, it is impossible to deny that it bears the stamp of a superior mind.

LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,

Paris, 6th February, 1828.

A COMPLETE edition of the ‘Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne’ (of which Madame de Staél gave us so imperfect a one) has just been published by Dupont, the bookseller. This Prince was distinguished and admired throughout Europe for the elegance of his mind and brilliancy of his wit, and his rank placed him in the highest class of society;—we need not, therefore, inquire how he became acquainted with the facts he relates, or dispute his right to speak freely of the most illustrious personages of his day; he lived on terms of intimacy with them, and had ample opportunities of judging of them. He was for many years the leading star of the Court of France, where, as Madame de Staél ingeniously observes, he was the only foreigner who became a model, and not an imitator. Scandal whispered that he had inspired Marie Antoinette with the tender passion, and he afterwards became the friend and confidant of the Emperor Joseph. All the potentates with whom he held any communication received him with the most flattering marks of attention. The Empress of Russia in particular, (whom he so well characterized by the appellation of Catherine the Great,) was charmed with his wit and understanding. Frederic of Prussia, though by no means prodigal of his good opinion, was also fond of conversing with him, and held him in high estimation. Such, indeed, was his general ascendancy, that he conciliated Rousseau, and overcame even the spleen of Voltaire. Such, too, was his celebrity, that to this day it is considered an honourable distinction to have been acquainted with him.

You can readily imagine that the Reminiscences of such a man must possess unbounded attractions for his contemporaries; and this new edition of his Memoirs has, accordingly, been received in Paris with the most flattering marks of approbation. Among the thousand and one anecdotes respecting the Prince de Ligne, I

have selected the following, (which is connected with his journey in the Taurida, whither he accompanied the Empress of Russia,) as likely to give you some idea of his originality.

The Austrian Ambassador, M. de Cobentzel, and M. de Segur, were suffering under the attacks of intermitting fever, with which he was also afflicted: he reproved them strongly for their careless indifference, and their obstinacy in refusing proper advice. ‘Overcome by his persuasions, (says M. de Segur in his ‘Souvenirs,’) Cobentzel underwent a copious bleeding, and I took some medicine.’ Being all three together a few days after with the Empress, she observed to the Prince de Ligne, ‘You are looking remarkably well to-day, I thought you had been ill. Have you consulted my physician?’ He replied in the negative; and added, ‘I have a method peculiarly my own of getting rid of any indisposition. When I am taken ill, I send for my two friends. I order Cobentzel to lose blood, and Segur to take physic, and I then speedily recover.’ The Empress laughed heartily at this whimsical remedy, but still more at the obliging docility of the two Ambassadors; who, on their part, were equally delighted to find that the operations they underwent should be so successful in restoring their friend to health.

Mons. Mazeres, the author of the two comedies, ‘Le Jeune Mari’ and ‘Les Trois Quartiers,’ which were represented and much applauded at the Theatre Français last year has just produced, for the same house, a piece entitled ‘Chacun à son Côté.’ The plot is simply this: The Baron de Valliere and his wife have, by mutual consent, their separate establishments; and whilst the Baron is paying adoration to the fair sex, his wife, on her part, keeps a tolerably numerous train of lovers in her suite. Among these figure Alexis de Balcoff, a Russian Count, and Bargeot, a lawyer. The extravagant and dissipated life of the Baron involves him in pecuniary embarrassments, which oblige him to have recourse to his wife, whose fortune is her own, to relieve him from his difficulties.

He accordingly solicits an interview with Madame de Valliere, in order to procure her signature for the sale of an estate. She is, however, on the point of setting out for her country residence, where she is to entertain a numerous party in the evening. She therefore hastily assents to all he requests, but defers the execution of the deeds, and invites him for that purpose to her country house. He arrives, and is introduced by a secret garden-gate; but here a rencontre takes place between him and the Count de Balcoff. A quarrel ensues, which is terminated by a duel, in which the young Count is cured of his folly by a slight wound.

Previous to the duel, however, the Baron has a private interview with his wife, who generously furnishes him with the means of adjusting his affairs, and ultimately, through the good offices of Bargeot, all seem likely to come to terms of reconciliation; and in order to preserve the peace in future, the young Count is despatched on a diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg.

This comedy has many good points, and a few good scenes, but it fails in general interest. The last two acts, in particular, are sadly void of incident, which is all crowded into the first. This occasions a feebleness of action, and much repetition, in order to delay the denouement, which is obvious from the beginning. The favourable impression created in the commencement is destroyed by the defects towards the end of the play; and accordingly, the audience began by applauding what it ultimately rejected with displeasure.

Much excitement has been produced at the Institute by the publication of a pamphlet which sorely impugns the literary character of one of its members, M. Raoul Rochette.—It is entitled ‘Supplément à la dernière édition du Théâtre des Grecs, par le Père Brunoy, en Lettres Critiques d'un Professeur de l'Université sur la Traduction des Fragments de Menandre et de Philemon, par M. Raoul Rochette. Paris, 1828, Bobée Hingray.’ M. Raoul Rochette passes in the literary world for one of the first Greek scholars in France. Our government, from its innate love of every thing Greek, has conferred on him a handsome pension and several orders; he has likewise been appointed Professor of Archaeology, Censor, and Keeper of the Medals in the King's Library. M. Raoul Rochette is scarcely thirty years of age, and yet has for some time been honoured with a seat in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres; in fact he has, to use an expression of the late Paul Louis Courrier's, already made rapid strides in a literary career.—But there is a limit to every thing. His title to the character of a savant had frequently been disputed, and the illustrious Kohler, among others, lately proved him to be almost totally unacquainted with medals. These attacks were heard by few, and scarcely affected his literary re-

putation. A philologist, however, now comes forward and demonstrates mathematically that M. Raoul Rochette's knowledge of Greek, (upon which his reputation has alone been founded,) is nearly zero. The young professor, following the text of 'Menandre' and of 'Philemon,' clearly proves that M. Raoul Rochette has been guilty of numerous gross mistakes and blunders in this soi-disant translation of his, which, after all, is but an awkward copy of Le Clerc's Latin version, which he has so cruelly mangled.—I should like to quote a passage or two from this pamphlet, which is written with much moderation, and displays considerable learning, tempered by a vein of wit, that is quite irresistible. But it would lose by extracting. It is, however, of such importance to the scientific world, that I hope you will review it more in detail in your paper.—I trust, at any rate, that you will not fail to give notice of it to the Edinburgh Review, which has promised a complete examination of M. Raoul Rochette's book.

A work is announced for publication, which cannot fail to excite considerable interest; it is the 'Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo,' who is better known by the name of Savary, and was formerly Minister of police under Buonaparte.

I have just learned the premature death of M. Pichat, author of 'Leonidas,' and 'William Tell.' The former of these tragedies was very successful, at the Theatre Français, in 1826, and the second is now under rehearsal at the same theatre. He fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint, and has left a disconsolate widow and two infant children. It was to this young and elegant writer, whose talents promised so much, that Mons. de Martignac, on his appointment as Minister, offered immediate relief, and for whom he likewise procured a pension.

I cannot conclude my letter without recommending to your perusal a short work, entitled 'Du perfectionnement des études légales dans l'état actuel de la Société,' by Mons. Joseph Rey, of Grenoble, a lawyer himself and formerly a magistrate. It is the result of deep study and reflection, by a patriot, who has passed several years as an exile in England and Germany. Mons. Rey's style is energetic and nervous, and his views exhibit both originality and good sense.

The Council of the London University might derive considerable information from it; and from the comparisons drawn by the author between the various modes now pursued by the different nations of Europe, in the study of the law, a system might be formed which would perfectly accord with the plan of their philanthropic Institution.

JUST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. BOWDICH.

Extract from a Memoir on the Measurement of the Earth, read by M. Biot, at the French Institute, December 3, 1827.—⁴ Nothing could tend more to perfect the great European arc, than an operation in Africa, at the English settlement of Cape Coast, which is both near to the Equator and to the meridian of the Shetland Isles. If only the length of the pendulum were there observed, (which merely requires being on the spot,) a very important addition would be furnished in aid of the measurement in Europe. It is here that we must ever deplore the loss of the enterprising and unfortunate Bowdich, who knew these countries perfectly; who had made himself respected and beloved by those very Ashantees who have since become the bitterest enemies of the English, and who, perhaps, might have saved his countrymen from their subsequent misfortunes, if he had been sent there a second time, as he so ardently desired. His zeal, which eagerly embraced every thing that could be useful, had warmly cherished the hope of determining these points.

NEW ACADEMY FOR THEATRICAL EDUCATION.

In a former number, we mentioned the name of an eminent Professor of Music, Signor Benedetto Negri, from Milan, who had opened an Academy for private tuition, in music, singing, drawing, languages, &c., which we are glad to hear has met with deserved success. We learn, that in conjunction with several other highly qualified masters, he has opened another establishment in Leicester-square, the object of which is to give to those intended for the theatrical profession, the requisite finish in all that constitutes excellence in dramatic performance: for instance, effective declamation, graceful attitude, paeanomic expression, dancing, singing, perfect pronunciation of Italian, and every thing that can qualify the aspirant after theatrical fame for successful exhibition. The highest patronage has been obtained for this Institution, and we have no doubt whatever of its utility and success.

THE DRAMA.

'HAMLET.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed. Do you hear, let them be well used.'

'POLONIUS.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.'

Covent-Garden.

A NEW play was brought out at this theatre on Tuesday, under the title of 'The Merchant's Wedding, or London Frolics in 1638.' When we call it a new play, we mean, of course, after the fashion in which plays are new now-a-days, i.e., made out of two old ones. Nevertheless, we have every reason to be thankful to Mr. Planché, the adapter, for having singled out pieces possessing all the raciness of the best old writers, and yet which are, comparatively, very little known.

There are two plots, which, during the three first acts, run very tolerably together; but the fourth act is devoted to the catastrophe of one, and the fifth to that of the other. We scarcely know which to call the principal; but that from which the piece derives its title is as follows: *Warehouse*, (Farren,) a rich avaricious old merchant, has had a nephew and a niece left to his charge; the niece he apprentices to a seamstress, and the son he takes from the Temple to put into his counting-house; the same being, as is represented, in some degree corollary to some tricks he plays with their fortunes. This, however, is not clearly made out, which it ought to be; for the subsequent conduct of the nephew, who is the hero of the piece, stands furiously in need of some very strong cause to justify it. But, in old comedies, nephews and sons are always right, by prescription. *Plotwell*, the nephew, (represented, and most admirably, by Charles Kemble,) pretends to have become, from a roysterer of the inns of court, a steady and thrifty city 'prentice. His uncle, however, suspects his sincerity, and agrees with a brother merchant, (Blanchard,) who has a scape-grace of a son, to feign to go abroad, to see how the young men will behave during their absence. The young men, accordingly, behave most upbraidingly. *Timothy*, (which Keeley acts superbly,) serving as butt and gull to *Plotwell* and his gay companions. The father and uncle contrive to come disguised into one of the scenes of their debauchery, and cause it to be announced to the hopeful heirs that they are drowned. The heirs forthwith break out into what we must call exceedingly indecent expressions of joy, which are very speedily checked by the appalling apparition of the supposed deceased. *Warehouse*, indignant at the conduct of his nephew, declares he will marry, in order to disinherit him. The nephew, to counteract this project, palms his sister, disguised as a puritan, upon him under a sham ceremony. The instant the knot is apparently tied, the lady breaks out into all manner of seeming extravagance and profligacy; and the old man, on being relieved from his agony at this, by the announcement of the truth, pardons every body, marries his niece to her lover, and makes them all as rich and happy as people usually are at the end of a comedy.

Mr. Farren's acting, in the part of the old merchant, is probably as fine as any thing the art has ever produced. It was admirable throughout; but, in the last act, where he supposes himself to be married to, and have settled his fortune upon, an abandoned woman, he surpassed almost every thing we have seen even of his acting. The distress which he there represented went far beyond comedy; it fully proved, what we have long believed, that he ought to be cast into Shylock, and other parts of that description. As for the absurd distinction of different *emplois*, that rule is not nearly so strict with us as it is in France, and really ought never to be put into competition with the public gratification. The fact that Mr. Farren acts *Lord Ogleby* and *Sir Peter Teazle*, as perfectly as it is possible for them to be acted, is no sort of reason why he should not be also put into parts of a tragic nature, if his talents enable him to do them justice. That his talents are of that character, it needs no more than his acting the other night to render undeniable.

Keeley also was excellent;—the London gull of two hundred years ago is exactly one of the characters most suited to him. His part in the 'Merchant's Wedding,' is a more prominent and animated *Master Mathew*, and he did it full and admirable justice. We are convinced Mr. Keeley is destined to fulfil our prophecy of rising to the very top of his branch of the profession. His chief blemish, monotony of delivery, is diminishing most visibly every day.

We now come to the other plot, which consists in a capricious heiress having declared that she will marry

no one who does not win her by stratagem. *Plotwell*, accordingly, accomplishes an imposition upon her, and gains her hand. And here we have to make the only serious objection that we have against the play; and we are surprised at having to do so in a work of Mr. Planché, who has both great knowledge of the stage, and tact in adapting a foreign or an old piece to the taste of the present day. The fault we allude to, is the nature of the stratagem practised by *Plotwell* upon *Aurelia*, which is the more offensive, from the audience having no knowledge that it is a stratagem at the time it is put into play. *Plotwell* has, two or three times, thrown himself across *Aurelia's* path; she takes some fancy to him, but not enough to prevent her repulsing him according to her wont. He surreptitiously introduces himself into her bed-chamber at night; and, when she indignantly desires him to be gone, he says, that his being seen to issue thence at midnight, will compromise her character, and that, therefore, she must marry him. She hesitates—when some of his companions arrive, by previous arrangement, at the door. She still refuses, when he begins to undress himself; and, by the time he is nearly naked, she yields, and signs a contract, which he had prepared. The friends then enter; before whom, having explained all that has happened, he tears the paper, declaring he has 'won her by stratagem.' She owns the truth of this, and consents voluntarily to marry him.

This scene occasioned a great deal of very just disapprobation. But we confess, we were almost as angry with the audience as the author. They tolerated, very composedly—nay, they gave some degree of approbation to—what is by far the most revolting, because it is the morally revolting, part of this scene: viz., a man saying to a woman, 'You must marry me, because, if you don't, I will destroy your reputation.' This would have perfectly justified the whole house rising *en masse*, and exclaiming, 'We won't hear another word.' But no, they take this quietly enough, and do not hiss till the lover begins to undress,—placing his clothes, as he removes them, upon the lady's bed. We hear that this has been modified since the first night, and that Mr. Kemble, now, does not take off so many clothes, and places those he does upon the table. But the moral blemish—and it is a gross one—is interwoven with the very structure of the scene; which is the catastrophe of this plot, and cannot be removed. We confess, we think Mr. Planché ought to have totally re-cast this portion of the play before he brought it upon the stage.

Charles Kemble's personation of *Plotwell* is as good as, from the description of character we have stated it to be, every one must be certain it would. No other actor, we are convinced, could have played so ticklish a scene as that of which we have been speaking, without positively disgusting the audience. But his admirable taste and delicacy of manner, even in a situation essentially indelicate, carried it through. The whole part was given with infinite brilliancy and grace.

Miss Chester, who played *Aurelia*, looked as usual, a fine piece of the creation—like the camelpard—and, also as usual, did not act at all. Mrs. Chatterley, who dressed her Puritan far too like a modern Quaker, and at first sight caused the author to be suspected of anachronism, of which he was guiltless,* did the last act, in which only her part is of importance, with great spirit and animation. A propos of dress, we must say that, taken together, the dresses were extremely picturesque; and, in the line at the fall of the curtain, the colours amalgamated into a general effect, which showed the eye of a painter had been there.

On the whole, we doubt not the Comedy will have a run; and, with the exception of the fourth act, it fully deserves it. The two first acts are particularly good—there is, throughout, a great deal of bustle and liveliness—and the language is spirited, poetical, and, at the same time, characteristic, in a peculiar degree. Take it all in all, we shall be exceedingly glad to see productions of a similar character brought out from time to time. We certainly could desire that comedies should have parts for Mrs. Davenport and Miss Kelly—but, for men, what can be stronger than Kemble, Keeley, Farren, and Blanchard—to say nothing of some others whose parts were below their talents? The only system for permanent success is that of *ensemble*. The stars ought rather to be called comets—they shine only for a time, and pass away.

* We wonder that Mr. Planché, who understands matters of costume thoroughly, did not correct this. We do not mean that it was decided wrong—but to a modern eye, the idea of a Quaker was sure to be suggested by the drab silk; and in 1638, Quakers there were not.

English Opera House.

THE success of the French Theatre continues to increase, and since it has been honoured with the presence of several members of the Royal Family, it shares with the Italian opera the patronage and favour of our nobility. The principal pieces that have been performed since our last report, are : 'Le Duel,' 'Le Frécepteur,' 'Le Beneficiaire,' 'Les Anglaises pour rire,' and 'La Visite à Bedlam.' These are all pretty little Vaudevilles, in which Perlet has always sustained the principal character; besides these, however, there have been performed two of Molière's comedies, 'Le Tartuffe,' and 'Les Précieuses Ridicules.'

It is worthy of remark, that whenever Messrs. Cloupe and Pelissie have given any of the plays of the father of French Comedy, the benches of the English Opera House have been invariably crowded; whereas they are frequently half empty when the Vaudevilles of Gabriel, Moreau, Villeneuve, Scribe, &c. are represented.

This striking manifestation of the public taste in favour of the works of classic authors, should induce the French actors to bring forward more frequently the *chefs-d'œuvre* of their stage. It is not merely for amusement that persons go to the French theatre; it is as much with a view to improve themselves and become acquainted not only with the light productions of the day, but also more particularly with the works of those much esteemed writers, whose works have conferred a lasting honour on French literature. It must however, be acknowledged, that second rate actors, accustomed to perform only Vaudevilles in provincial Theatres, would be wholly inadequate to parts so full of comic spirit and brilliant sallies of wit, as those in the 'Tartuffe,' the 'Misanthrope,' 'Les Femmes Savantes,' 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' 'Le Glorieux,' 'La Petite Ville,' 'La Fille d'honneur,' 'L'Ecole des Viellards,' 'Le Mariage de Figaro,' &c. &c.; and yet unfortunately the company under Messrs. Cloupe and Pelissie's direction, is chiefly composed of such middling actors, as are totally unfit to perform in high comedy with effect, and who indeed are very mediocre even for Vaudevilles. Mademoiselle Baquet is a delightful singer, she gives us a specimen of the sweetness of her voice in the 'Precepteur,' but can we call her a good actress? What was her performance of *Elnore* in the 'Tartuffe'? Mademoiselle Lemire treads the stage with ease and effect, and she plays the first characters in the Vaudevilles, but she constantly sings out of tune.

The first qualification requisite in an actor, who is to perform before foreigners, is a clear sonorous voice, and a very distinct pronunciation; whereas M. Laurent modulated sadly the whole part of *Orgon*.

Messrs. Cloupe and Pelissie must absolutely strengthen their company by some superior actors. They are much in want of a *Grande Coquette* and a *Financier*, without which, not all the exertions even of the inimitable Parlett, and a few other good actors who so ably second him, will be sufficient to support the credit of the *Soirées Françaises*.

We wish every success to the French performers, and therefore we do not hesitate to tell them the truth, and only the truth, which, though perhaps unpleasant, cannot but be offered with view to their interests. We advise them, therefore, to procure without delay the new performers they expect from Paris, and then to represent more frequently the regular Comedies of the French Dramatists, instead of Vaudevilles. The history and progress of the French stage will be treated of in some future Numbers of THE ATHENÆUM.

Miss Jarman.—We take the earliest opportunity of stating that we have received from a known Correspondent, an assurance that the differences between this lady and the Manager of Covent Garden, referred to in a former number of the Athenæum, have not by any means arisen from the causes there described. She has not only performed readily all the characters assigned her by the Manager, but several that she had an undoubted right to reject, had she chosen so to do. The differences adverted to arose, it appears, from the imposition of a fine on Miss Jarman, for absence—that absence arising from illness, and extending to two nights only; and the fine exacted, being a whole week's salary. This was done in the absence of Mr. Charles Kemble from town, and was resisted by Miss Jarman as unjust. On the return of Mr. Kemble, it was referred to him, and instantly overruled, the claim of Miss Jarman to her full salary admitted, and the error on the part of the person with whom it occurred admitted. We are happy to hear, therefore, that all causes of dissatisfaction on either side are now removed.

ENGRAVINGS.

Action in the Bay of Navarino. Painted and Engraved by William Daniell, R.A. London. Ackermann. 1828.

WE think this inferior to all the former productions of the same Artist. As a picture, the objects are badly arranged—and the grouping remarkably ineffective and confused. The drawing of the ships is also defective in technical accuracy, and the engraving, especially in the foreground, where distinctness is most requisite, is of the most imperfect description. At a distance it has a striking effect, from the broad and dark masses of smoke contrasted with the glare of light and fire: but it will not bear close inspection.

The Battle of Navarino, in Two Plates. Etched by R. W. SMART, from Drawings by Sir Theophilus Lee. London. Ackermann. 1828.

WE have been favoured with a sight of these two plates before publication; the one etched in outline only, and the other with the Mezzotinto parts filled in. They are each greatly superior to the one of Mr. Daniell. We understand that these two drawings have been made after Sketches furnished by Lord Ingestrie, who brought home the dispatches from Navarino, and was present in the action; and that the Lord High Admiral, under whose patronage they appear, has expressed himself highly gratified by the dedication to him.

The first plate represents the combined fleets just anchored before the action: and although the number of ships introduced is not less than 50, the arrangement is so skilfully managed, as to give the positions with strict accuracy, and yet place the spectator in so advantageous a point of view, that he commands the whole at one glance, while the principal ships of the Fleet are brought out before him in the clearest and most distinct manner. Strict accuracy of drawing is preserved throughout in the minutest details; so that the picture will be as gratifying to the eye of a seaman as to that of an artist; a combination that is very rarely seen. The foreshortening of the Scipio and the Albion head views, embracing the larboard bow of the former and the starboard of the latter, the two quarter views of the Genoa and the Asia, with the Hind Cutter between them and the stern view of the Dartmouth Frigate, embracing the perspective of her broadside, are among the most successful delineations of ships that we have for some time seen: while the Turkish launch on the right, and the sinking fire-ship on the left of the foreground, are equally true to nature and greatly assist the general effect.

The second plate presents a nearer view of the actual conflict after it has begun. In this, the principal objects are, the English Admiral, of the round stern of whose ship, after the plan of Sir Robert Seppings, there is a most distinct and advantageous view, and the ship of the Turkish Admiral on fire, which is extremely well represented, as well as the burning, sinking, exploding, and destroying of other ships in the distance, both on the right and the left. The engraving of the impressions we have seen is not yet completed, so that we cannot pronounce on the merits of its execution; but if it equals on the design, (which we hope it will do,) these two prints cannot fail to become extremely popular, as very striking representations of a very impressive scene.

The Spoilt Child. Engraved by G. H. Phillips, after a Painting by M. W. Sharpe. London, Moon, Boys, and Graves. 1828.

We remember seeing the original of the picture in the Exhibition at Somerset House, and were then impressed with its merits. The engraver appears to us to have most success fully transferred to his plate, which possesses great spirit as well as fidelity, and makes a most interesting picture. The subject represented is an unruly child, who, seated on the dessert table, with its old nurse behind it, throws on the ground the decanter of Madeira, which after emptying its contents on the mother's white satin dress, lies shivered on the floor, into a thousand fragments; the infant is then proceeding to throw after it the fruit, plates, glasses, and with a most appropriate expression of countenance, while the nurse merely lifts her hands in wonder—the mother looks on her soiled dress with regret—and the father's only chiding is the lifting a finger, which the urchin treats with becoming indifference and contempt.

As a moral lesson to over indulgent parents, this print is worth purchasing for family reference; and as a work of art, it has merits that form an additional recommendation.

The Dancing Bear. Engraved by Henry Meyer, after a Painting by W. F. Witherington. London. Moon, Boys, and Graves. 1828.

THIS is an exceedingly beautiful and well executed Print. The scene, a street in some country town, is well chosen;—the objects, a motley group of each sex, and of all ages, gathered round the exhibition of a dancing-bear, accompanied by dogs and monkeys, are delineated with great spirit and humour, and many of the figures and faces quite worthy of Wilkie. Even Cruickshank himself, the prince of humourists,—or Landseer or Newton, the especial delineators of dogs and monkeys, have nothing better than the dancing dog, and teased monkey, in the foreground of the picture, while the bruiser and his sturdy keeper, as well as their colleague of the pipe and tabor, are full of characteristic expression.

Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India. By Captain ROBERT MELVILLE GRINDLAY. Part IV. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1828.

Or this interesting and beautiful work, three parts, each containing Six Views, accompanied by Letter-press descriptions, have already appeared; and, contrary to the usual mode in similar cases, each Number has surpassed its predecessor in excellence. The series is intended, we believe, to be completed in Six Parts: and we may say, with confidence, that when completed, it will be without a rival, either in extent, interest, or perfection, as a compendious, yet select series of illustrations of the scenery, costume, and architecture of India generally.

Plate I. gives a view of the British Residency at Hyderabad, and a very beautiful picture it makes. There are some of our readers, perhaps, to whom it may not be unacceptable to be informed, that Hyderabad is the metropolis of a Native Indian Kingdom, the Newab, or Prince, of which is however under the fostering care of the East India Company; that is, under pretence of maintaining his independence, they quarter upon his Highness several regiments, called subsidiary troops, and place a Resident or Ambassador at his Court, without whose permission the said Prince cannot stir a foot; and he is taught to believe, or at least to avow himself too happy in this protection for which the revenues of his country are made to pay handsomely. The British Residency at Hyderabad is then the palace of the English Viceroy; for here it is strictly true, that though the King be King, the English Resident is 'Viceroy over him.' The architecture is Grecian in its style, and the whole pile, as well as its gates of entrance, has a general resemblance to the magnificent Palace of the Governor-General of India, at Calcutta.

Plate II. represents 'The Roza a Mehmodabad in Guzerat, or the Tomb of the Vizier of Sultan Mehmod.'—It is exquisitely chaste, and beautiful as a specimen of the arched and domed buildings of the East; and all the surrounding objects are in excellent keeping.

Plate III. represents 'Fishing Boats in the Monsoon, at the northern point of Bombay Harbour.' This is drawn by Clarkson Stanfield, from a Sketch of Colonel Johnson, of the Bombay Engineers, and forms one of the most striking Sea Pictures that we remember: the rude boat and still ruder catamaran of the Indian fisherman; the white and foaming sea of the foreground, contrasted with the blue water of the distance; the brown hills of the coast, and the pitchy sky, just cleared by an opening patch of bright light above—all combine to produce the finest imaginable effect.

Plate IV. is as remarkable for its calm tranquillity, as the preceding one is for its boisterous agitation. It is a view of the Bridge near Baroda, in Guzerat, in which arched piles, broad flights of steps, towering temples, and shadowy groves, with a long procession passing the bridge, and devotees performing their ablutions in the stream below, are beautifully blended into one harmonious whole.

Plate V. represents the 'Town and Pass of Boondi, in Rajpootana,' in which the Hill Fort scenery of that part of Hindooostan is very faithfully delineated.

Plate VI. is a 'View near Tonk,' in the same country, representing a lucid lake, with architectural remains on its banks, and small domed temples near its waters.

The whole series, as far as it has yet extended, (embracing 24 views,) does great honour to the skill and taste of Captain Grindlay; and from what we hear of the subjects of the two remaining numbers, 5 and 6, which will complete the work, we have no doubt that it will preserve its high character to the end.

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NEW MUSIC.

'The Minstrel's Lute,' a Ballad, sung by Mr. Sinclair. The Poetry by J. W. King. The Music by Robert Guylott. Dale, 2s.

Mr. GUYLOTT exercises his ingenuity in avoiding, or contemning, all the rules established for musical composition; we must, therefore, henceforward take our leave of him and his music. It is absolutely astonishing that any person capable of writing down his musical ideas at all, should not have received a little instruction upon the subject, or have submitted his manuscript to be revised by some well-informed composer, before he published. We could fill a page with an analysis of the false harmonies, wrong progressions, &c., which occur in this trifling song; but it would be a waste of labour, time, and paper.

Rondino for the Pizzico-Forte, on Rossini's Cavatina 'Cara del attendimi.' Composed by Charles Czerny, Op. 22. Balls, 3s.

We have much pleasure in leaving the last subject for that now to be examined, which is an exceedingly clever, brilliant, and yet not very difficult arrangement of the beautiful air in Rossini's opera of 'Zelmira,' originally most excellently sung (for the first time in this country) by Signor Garcia, under the immediate direction of Rossini himself. In the first two pages, Czerny has done little more than adapt the original melody, after which he becomes more diffuse, and works the subject very ingeniously through eight pages farther. The whole is excellently conceived and executed, besides being very well and correctly engraved.

'Coming thro' the Rye,' a celebrated Scotch Air, as sung by Miss Graddon. Arranged with brilliant Variations for the Piano Forte, and inscribed to Miss Greaves. By G. W. Maddison. Rose, 3s.

This is the old Scotch tune of 'If a body meet a body,' which used to be so prettily sung by Mrs. Jordan, and afterwards by Mrs. Davison, when Miss Duncan, and said to be composed by David Rizzio for Mary Queen of Scots. Mr. Maddison has written seven variations which he calls brilliant, but, compared with the last piece above noticed of Czerny's, and others of that class, we cannot but dispute the propriety of Mr. Maddison's opinion of his own work; however, his performance has merit, and the variations are pleasing, and not difficult; the last is in waltz time, and forms a good conclusion.

Rossini's celebrated Quartetto 'Cielo il mio labbro ispira.' Arranged as a Concertante Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, with Accompaniment (ad lib.) for Flute and Violoncello, and dedicated to the Misses Buschmann. By N. B. Challoner. Birchall, 4s.

This beautiful quartetto was composed by Rossini in his opera of 'Bianca e Faliero,' but produced in this country in 'Il Barone di Dolsheim,' and it is still with great propriety introduced in all the first-rate concerts where four superior singers can be procured to do it justice. It is one of Rossini's finest and most brilliant efforts, and much resembles another of his most talented pieces, viz. 'Cruda sorte.' In the form now offered, it produces an excellent effect, either with two, three, or four instruments, as it is carefully arranged to answer every purpose; and being expressly adapted to the harp and piano-forte, is not difficult of execution. Originally this quartetto consisted of four movements; but as it is performed in a detached state, the introductory recitative, and the third movement, are always omitted; therefore it now comprises only the very elegant largo in six-eight time, 'Cielo il mio,' and the fine spirited allegro vivace in common time 'Grazie o Cielo,' which two movements only are chosen for the duet. From the long experience Challoner acquired in playing the harp at the King's Theatre for fifteen or sixteen years, as to the style of the Italian performance (especially of Rossini's operas), his arrangements of the various pieces generally approximate the original effect in the nearest possible manner.

'Polly Watts!' Written expressly for Mr. Liston, in the character of Sam Swipes, in 'Exchange no Robbery.' Adapted to the air 'Isabel,' by Peter Pigwigggin, the Younger, Author of 'Paul Pry.' Mayhew, 1s. 6d.

This bagatelle scarcely comes under the denomination of a musical composition, but it deserves notice from the excellent manner in which it is brought out. The title exhibits a superior likeness of Liston, done by Hillmandel's lithography, and the piece is very humorous; it is written expressly for Mr. Liston, and we think he would do well to take the hint.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

A soirée, or conversazione, which is intended to be followed by a regular series of them, was held at the above institution on Wednesday evening last. Nearly five hundred persons were present. After tea and other refreshments had been served, the library was opened, and the company amused with the display of a variety of new inventions, and specimens of different arts and manufactures. At eight o'clock, the persons present adjourned to the theatre, where Mr. Partington delivered an interesting lecture on M. Clement's apparatus relative to the safety-valves of steam-vessels. Among the members present were Mr. Pepys, Dr. Birkbeck, &c.

MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

At a Meeting of this Institution, held on Friday evening last, a magnificent collection of near a thousand specimens of plants, from the island of St. Vincent's, mostly new, and arranged by Dr. Barclay, of the 21st Regiment, was presented by the President, Sir James M'Grigor. The Bishop of Bath and Wells moved the thanks of the Society to Sir James, for this fresh mark of his interest in its important objects.

A splendid engraving of *Nepenthes Ampularia* was also presented by T. Illiff, Esq.; and a new species of *Cerinthe* or *Nolana* was ordered to be transmitted to some of the associates for cultivation; after which, Mr. Josy, the Secretary, read several interesting communications, including a description of the *Lodicea Sechellarum*, (the double or sea Cocos nut,) a specimen of which was laid on the table, and resembled in colour and size a large ship-block; some remarks on the naturalization of the cinnamon (*Laurus Cinnamomum*) in the South of France, by M. Boursault, of Paris; and a detail of certain experiments respecting the use of camphor as a sedative, by Dr. Short. Preparatory to the adjournment of the meeting, a report was made of the desire of the Horticultural Society of Paris, to enter into correspondence with this Institution. The Baron Ballamb, Chargé d'Affaires for Sweden, was among the new members introduced.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

This Society met on Monday week last; on which occasion, after the election of some new members, the following papers were read: some notices relative to the situation of Macbeth's castle at Inverness, by Mr. Anderson; and an essay on the probability of the library and furniture of James IV. having been carried off after the battle of Flodden, and set up at Speke Hall, Lancaster, by W. R. Wharton, Esq., F.A.S., London.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES OF PARIS.

In a paper read before the Academy by M. F. Cuvier, on the growth of feathers, hair, and the quills of the porcupine, among a variety of curious observations, it was remarked, that the hair of certain animals, though not, as has been supposed, a part of the skin, has a very acute sense of touch, as in the cat; for if the smallest particle of dust fall on the fur of this animal, it is immediately sensible of it, and endeavours to shake it off.

EXHIBITION AT DUMFRIES.

A very fine collection of paintings and sculptures is making for an exhibition at this place, which promises to be one of great excellence. The specimens at present sent in, are by Northcote, Ward, Lansdowne, Chantry, Canova, &c. &c.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

*Cambridge, Feb. 8.—*At a Congregation, on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:

B.D.—J. T. Mathews, St. John's Coll.—M.A. R. Thomson, Trin. Coll.—T. J. Spitzer, St. John's.—Honorary M.A. H. Fitzroy, Esq., Trinity.—Hon. R. Le Poer French, St. John's.—B.C.L. J. H. Bayford, Trin. Hall.—B.A. J. Rainie, Trin. Coll.—H. Wood, ditto.—J. Mossar, St. John's.—Plumian Professorship of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy.—G. B. Airy, Esq., M.A., and Fell. of Trin. Coll., and Lucasian Professor, has been unanimously elected Plumian Professor, in the room of the late R. Woodhouse, Esq.

*Oxford, Feb. 8.—*On Tuesday, the Rev. E. Hawkins, M.A., Provost of Oriel Coll., was admitted B.D.; and on Thursday the following Degrees were conferred:—D.D. E. Hawkins, M.A. J. Bell, C. Church.—C. A. Thurlow, Bal. Coll.—H. Browne, Lincoln Coll.—B.A. E. Osborne, Oriel Coll.—W. Severe, Queen's Coll.—C.J. C. Baltzel, and J. Vaughan, Bal. Coll.—T. D. Spiers, University Coll.—W. H. Griffith and T. C. Owen, Jesus Coll.—W. P. Perry, Wad. Coll.—A. L. L. Kaye, W. A. Price, and S. Barton, Brasenose Coll.—C. Tonster and J. Guard, Oriel Coll.—H. Le Mesurier, New Coll.—T. Lewis and T. Cornthwaite, Trinity Coll.

British Museum.—Mr. Frederick Madden, of Magdalene Hall, Oxford, F.A.S., and F.R.S.L., has been appointed sub-keeper of the Department of Manuscripts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The suggestions of HYDENSIS are well received,—as also those of H. S., though on another subject.

The prices of Books are affixed to the Weekly List of Books subscribed by the Trade, and are therefore unnecessary to be repeated at the head of each article.

The Communications of Philo-Jones will appear shortly; and we shall be glad of further contributions from the same pen.

We do not find any articles signed Fabian among those on our table.

The first letter of J. M. did not come to hand. The second was received on Saturday. The proposed Essays on Evidences, philosophically considered, will be acceptable, and published, if approved. The lines on the Decease of a Friend will appear verbatim, and at the earliest opportunity.

The Fourth Letter of CARO, and several other communications of Correspondents, are unavoidably deferred till next week;

WEEKLY REPORT OF BOOKS SUBSCRIBED BY THE TRADE.

Dictionnaire des Difficultés de la Langue Française, Extrait du Dictionnaire Universel, par Roisse, 18mo., 3s.

Lowndes's Modern Greek Lexicon, 8vo., 1s. 1s.

Wright's Commentary on Newton's Principia, 2 vols., royal 8vo., 1s. 8s.

Carey's New Map of London, in Case, 10s. 6d.

Mitchell's Sketches of Agriculture, 8vo., 12s.

Chatfield's Teutonic Antiquities, 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Bruno's Studio Poesie, 12mo., 1s.

Perrin's Elements of French Conversation, 12mo., 1s. 6d.

Key to Walkington's Arithmetic, by Frazer, 4s.

Perrin's French Spelling, 12mo., 2s.

Hix's New Weeks Preparation, 2 pts. 2s. 6d. each.

Blossoms of Morality, 18mo., 2s. 6d.

Martin's Treatise on the Conjugation of French Verbs, 8vo.

Irving's History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus, 4 vols.: 8vo. 2s. 2s.

Lessons in Ancient History, in Question and Answer, by a Lady.

Cornillon's Petit Dictionnaire des Difficultés de la Langue Française, 3s. 6d.

Retrospective Review, Part III., for January.

Brockdon's Passes of the Alps, part 5.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Westley and Davis have announced a new Annual for 1829, to be entitled 'The Evergreen, or Christmas and New Year's Gift and Birth-Day Present for 1829,' intended for youth of both sexes under the age of twelve years.

Speedly will be published, 'Observations on the Effects of a Sulphurous Spring in the Neighbourhood of Donegal,' with Sketches of the Town and Surrounding Country. By Thomas Andrew, M.D.

The first Number of a Literary Work, entitled 'The Harrovian,' to be edited by a Harrow Boy, will be published on the 1st of March. Among other Articles, it will contain Sketches of Contemporaries in the years 1825, 26, 27.

Mr. Wm. Pulley, Author of 'An Inquiry into the Cause and Growth of Insolvency,' has in the press, 'The Etymological Compendium, or Portfolio of Origins and Inventions.'

Mr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, has in the press the first part of 'Spicilegia Zoologica,' consisting of figures and short systematic descriptions of new and unfigured animals, and of synoptic monographs. This will be partly occupied with the animals lately brought from the Cape by Captain Hairside.

Mr. Bowring has in the press, 'Magyar Nemzeti Dalok, or Hungarian Popular Songs, with critical and historical notices of the Magyar literature and language, as displayed in Hungary and Transylvania.'

Mr. Ainsworth will publish, in the course of the season, a Translation, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, of 'Wallenstein.'

In preparation, the Ledger of Notorious Rakes, selected from their own Confessions, &c., by Barnabas Pye.

Almost ready, Christian Experience, or a Guide to the Perplexed; by Robert Phillips. A Widowed Missionary's Journal. The Balance of Criminality, or Mental Error compared with Immoral Conduct: addressed to Young Doubters, by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Ongar.

M. Keyse has recently published, at Berlin, an interesting work, in which several disputed questions, relative to the Life and Travels of Herodotus are both ably and modestly treated.

A Sermon will be preached on Sunday next, February 17, in the Parish Church of St. Bride's Fleet-street, before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and several of the Aldermen, by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Morning Preacher at the above Church, and Evening Preacher of St. Mary Abchurch, for the Benefit of the Printers' Pension Society.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Hours of observation 9 th A.M. and 9 th P.M.	Feb. A.M. P.M.	Therm. S.W. Cloudy.	Winds. S.W. Cloudy.	Weather. Moist haze.	Cloud. Cumulus, Cirrus, Cumulonimbus.
Mon.	4 49° 30° 48°	S.W.	Cloudy.		
Tues.	5 49° 51°	S.W.	Cloudy.		
Wed.	6 53° 51°	S.W.	Cloudy.		
Thur.	7 45° 50°	S.W.	Moist haze.		
Frid.	8 45° 49°	N.W. to N.E.	Clear.		
Sat.	9 43° 40°	N.W. to N.	Wet.		
Sun.	10 36° 32°	N.E.	Cloudy.		

Nights cloudy, excepting on Friday and Sunday.

Astronomical Observations. The Moon in her last Quadrature on Friday at 8 h. 5' P.M. in conjunction with Jupiter on Friday at 10 o'clock A.M.

in conjunction with Mars on Saturday at 5 h. 15'

P.M.

On a clear evening, the planet Venus is a brilliant object in the western heavens. Its heliocentric longitude on Thursday was 29° in Aries; its geocentric place 17° in Pisces.

This day is published, in post 8vo., price 5s. 6d.
AUSTRIA AS IT IS, OR SKETCHES OF CONTINENTAL COURTS. By an Eye WITNESS.
 'And yet 'tis surely neither shame nor sin
To learn the world, and those that dwell therein.' *Goethe.*

London : Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.
 —IMPORTANT TO ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, STONE-MASONS, &c. &c.

This day is published, in royal 8vo., price 17s., with 48 plates from original drawings, by Mr. Peter Nicholson,

A POPULAR AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MASONRY and STONE CUTTING. By PETER NICHOLSON, Esq., Architect and Engraver, Author of 'The Architectural Dictionary,' 'The Carpenter's Guide,' &c. &c. London : Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.

This day is published, price 5s. in cloth; or large paper, price 16s.—Part III. of

DODD'S CONNOISSEUR'S REPERTORY; or a Biographical History of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, with an Account of their Works, from the Revival of the Fine Arts in the Twelfth Century, to the end of the Eighteenth; accompanied by Tables of their Marks, &c.

London : Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard; and Hunt and Clarke, Tavistock-street.

Where may be had, Parts I. and II. of the same Work.

* * * This work will be continued regularly every three months.

In 4to., price 5s.

NO. I. of a SERIES of DESIGNS for VILLAS, on a moderate scale of expense, adapted to the Vicinity of the Metropolis, or Large Towns. By J. G. JACKSON.

The work will be completed in Six Numbers, each containing Ground and Chamber Plans, Elevations, and Perspective Views.

Printed for James Carpenter and Son, Old Bond-street.

Price 7s. boards.

A TREATISE on PERSPECTIVE, in which the whole of that Art is reduced to One General Rule, with Directions for Drawing from Models. By SAMUEL B. HOWELL, Military Surveyor and Draughtsman.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green ; and sold by T. Egerton, Whitehall.

New Burlington-street,
February, 1828.

Mr. COLBURN has nearly ready for Publication the following Works :

MEXICO in 1827. By H. G. WARD, Esq., late Chargé d'Affaires of his Britannic Majesty to that country. 2 vols. 8vo., with plates.

The MARQUIS of LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE of the LATE WAR in SPAIN and PORTUGAL. 4to. with Maps and Plans.

The ROUE. A Tale. In 3 vols.

ITALY AS IT IS. Narrative of an English Family's Residence in that country. By the Author of 'Four Years in Italy.'

The MAN of TON. A Satire. 8vo.

The NIGHT-WATCH, or Tales of the Sea. 8vo.

SALATHIEL: A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. 2 vols.

MEMORIALS OF SHAKSPERE, or Sketches of his Character and Genius. By Various Writers. Collected and edited, with a Preface and Notes, by NATHAN DRAKE, M.D., &c. 8vo., uniform with the best editions of the Poet.

The KUZZLEFLASH. A Tale of Khorassan. 3 vols. post 8vo.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE and TRAVELS of JOHN LEDYARD, (the African Traveller,) from his Journals and Correspondence. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE of the IRISH REBELLION of 1798. By CHARLES HAMILTON TEELING. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS of LITERARY MEN and STATESMEN. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Volume the Third, 8vo.

The HISTORY of GEORGE GODFREY. Written by Himself. 3 vols. post 8vo.

The DIARY of a MEMBER in the PARLIAMENTS of the PROTECTORS, OLIVER and RICHARD CROMWELL, from 1656 to 1659, now first published from the original Autograph Manuscript, in the possession of William Upcott, of the London Institution. Interspersed with several curious Documents and Notices, Historical and Biographical. By JOHN TOWILL RUTT, Esq. In 4 vols. 8vo., with plates.

This work serves to fill up the chasm so long existing in our Parliamentary History, the new facts and arguments contained in it entirely develop the project of Cromwell for the assumption of the Royal dignity; the real extent of his power as Protector; the manner of his Administration, and the rapid decline and speedy extinction of that power under the short Protectorate of his Son.

THE SPHYNX, LONDON NEWS-GAZETTE

No. 8, February 9, 1828, contains—1. Parliamentary Portraits. No. II. Mr. Charles Brownlow, the Member for Armagh; the late Earl of Charlemont; the Disturbance in the Dublin Theatre, during the Marquis of Wellesley's Vice-royalty; Mr. Brownlow's Conversion to the Cause of Catholic Emancipation.—2. Mr. Huskisson's Speech, and his Re-election at Liverpool.—3. Parliamentary Debates; Mr. Brougham's Speech on Legal Reforms.—4. Leading Articles from the Daily Journals.—5. News, Foreign and Domestic, collected from the most Authentic Sources.—6. Comments on the Current Politics of Europe and of the World.—7. Proceedings of the Courts of Law.—8. Abuses in the Inns of Court; Exorbitant Demands of the Officers in Lincoln's Inn.—9. The Adulteration of Wines.—10. French Poetry; Mon Grenier.—11. Italian Opera; Rossini's Opera of Otelio; Madame Pasta.—12. Military, Naval, and Mercantile Intelligence.—13. The Markets, Colonial and Domestic; Varieties, &c. &c.

London : printed and published, for the Proprietors, by WILLIAM LEWER, 147, Strand, near Somerset House; and to be had of all News-vendors and Clerks of the Roads throughout the United Kingdom.

This day is published, in One Volume Duodecimo, price 6s. in extra boards.

A N ANALYSIS of the HISTORICAL BOOKS

of the OLD TESTAMENT.
 By consulting Horne, Townsend, Mant, Calmet, Doddridge, Gray, and other Biblical writers, the Editor of the Analysis has put together a useful and concise History of those remote times, the records of which are preserved in the Old Testament. The work is divided into eight periods, from Moses to Jonah, the whole deserving of great commendation for industrious research and sound principles.—*Literary Gazette*, Jan. 26, 1828.

Oxford : published by J. Vincent.

JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.L.

Just published, in One Volume, 8vo., price 16s.
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